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NOVEMBER 14, 1958

& BYSTANDER



CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1958

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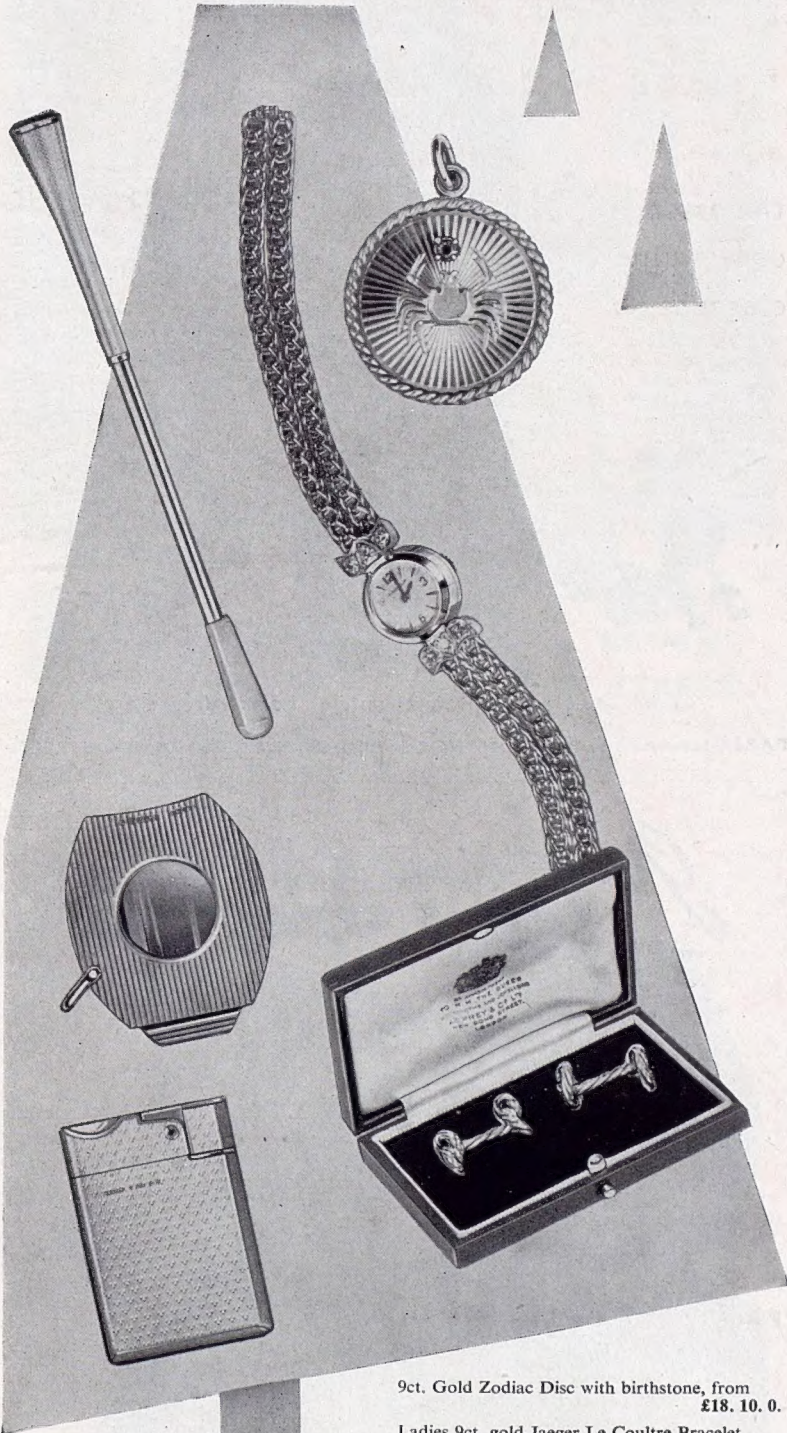


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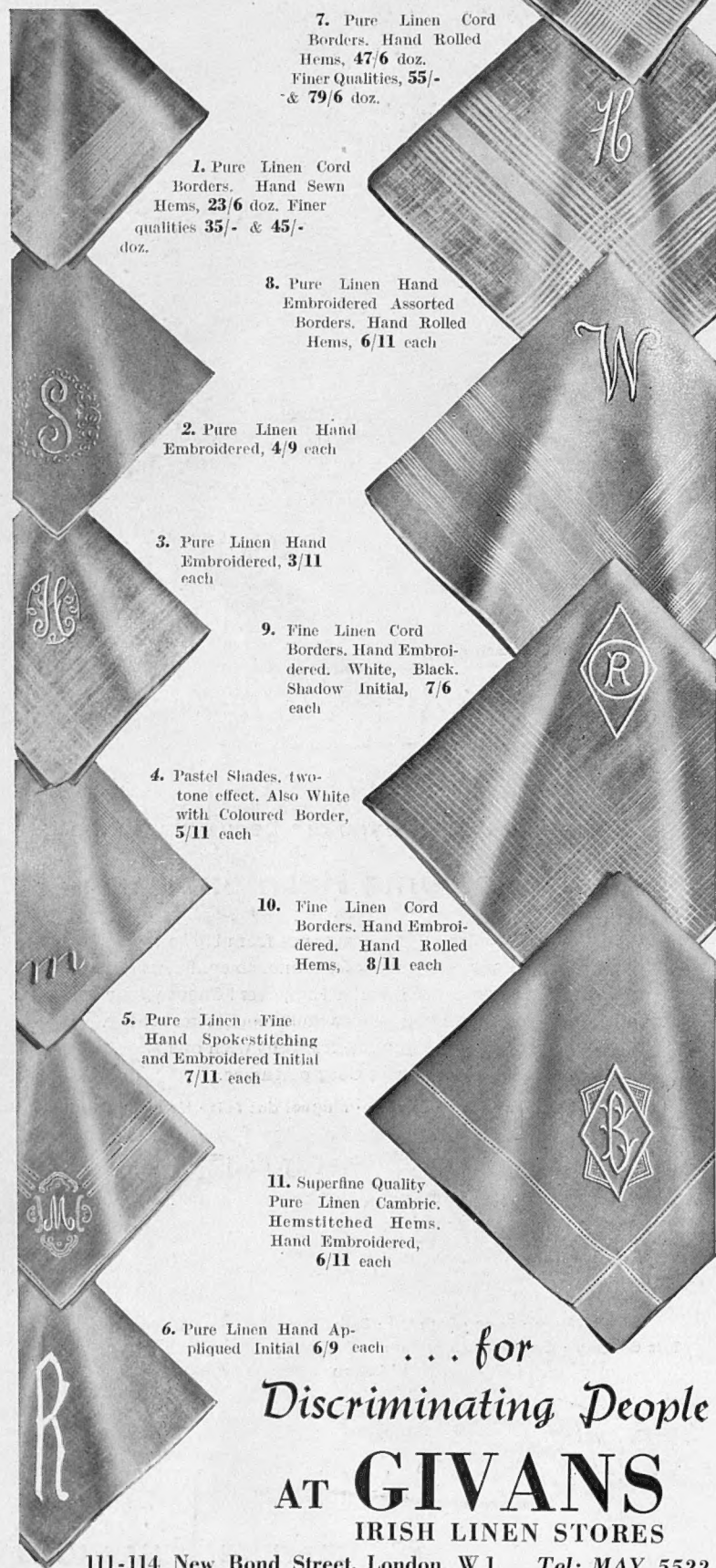
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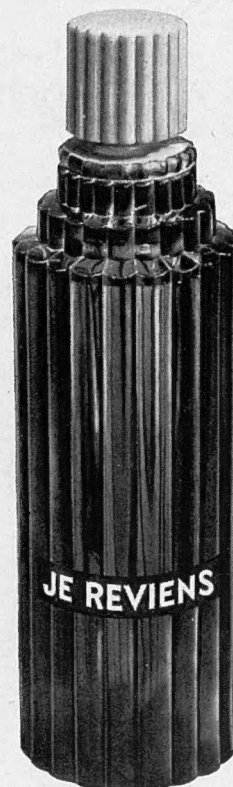
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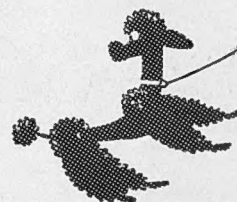
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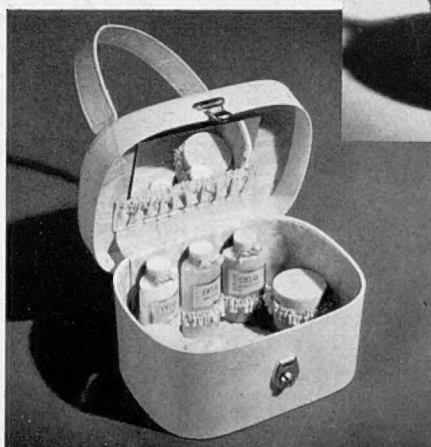


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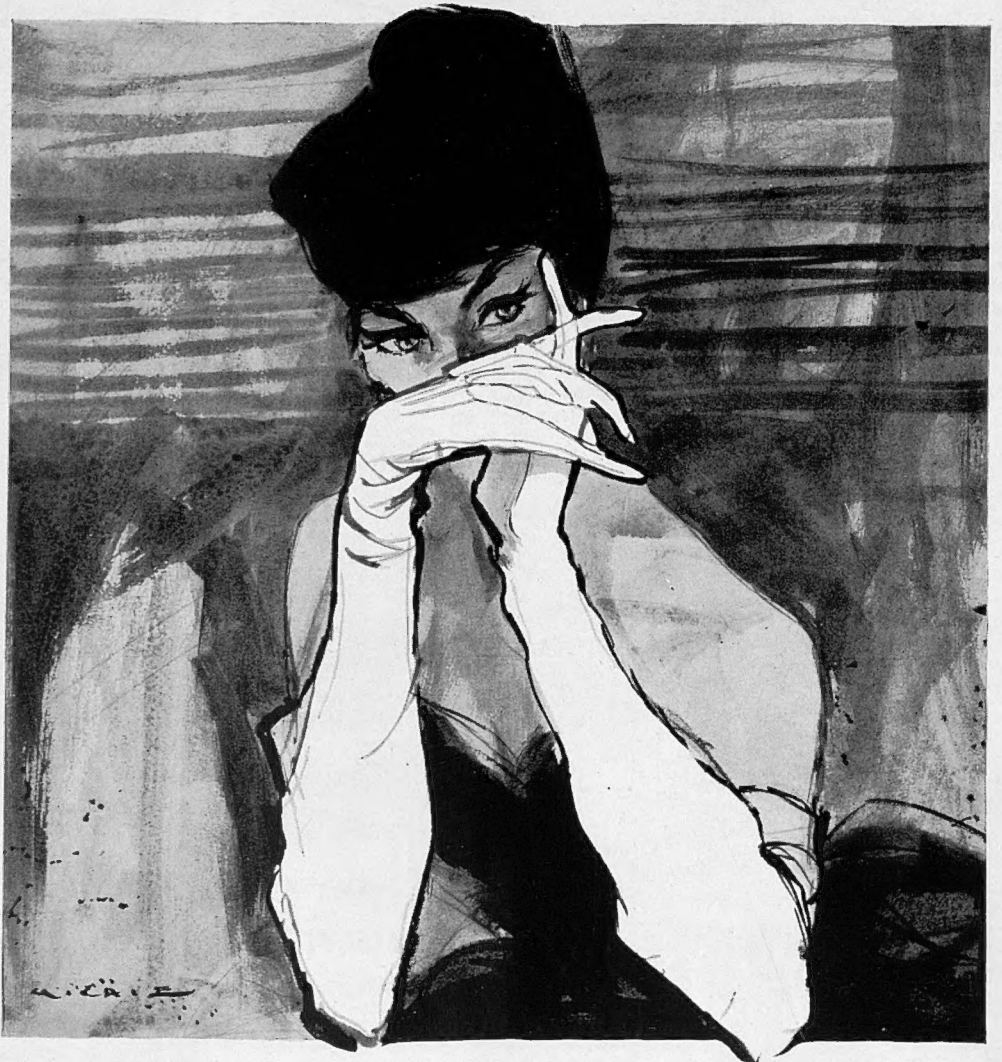
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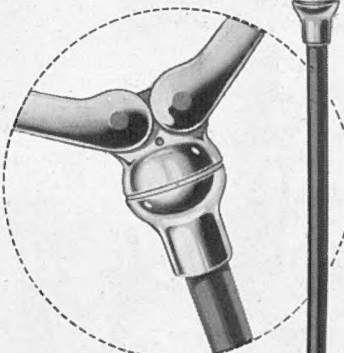


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The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXX. No. 2992A

14 November 1958

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS
NUMBER, 3s. 6d.



PERSONALITY

Friend or foe?

HE HAS THE BEST-KNOWN unseen face in the world. Year by year his popularity spreads. But along with his fame there is growing controversy, too. For though children and shopkeepers delight in him, many ecclesiastics deplore him. To the children he means presents. To the shopkeepers he means profits. To ecclesiastics? The encroachment of commercialism on a religious festival. Certainly it is hard to deny that, as a symbol of the spirit of the season, Father Christmas is ousting the crib. But that is a consequence of a lay age. And at least his roots are religious.

Half a dozen mythologies contribute to this so-familiar universal uncle, but in his present guise he came from America. The early Dutch settlers there shaped him in the image of the liberal St. Nicholas, and re-exported him to Europe. It is their bluff, bearded figures and their pioneering cloak and hood that we meet in the chain-stores and at the children's parties. Perhaps few of the children associate him with his religious pedigree. But he does represent unforgettably the kindly qualities that distinguish this Christian celebration—generosity, goodwill, family pleasure, and compassion.



ARMS: Per pale and per chevron, dexter two bells clamant or, sinister gules a boar's head served on a dish, lemon in mouth proper, in base a representation of the Nativity proper.

SUPPORTERS: Two Reindeer gules attired and unguled or mounted on a base vert, semée of firs and holly fruited proper.

CREST: On a chapeau of Santa Claus proper with lambrequin of holly fruited proper, a Sleigh azure, bearing a sack or containing toys proper.

MOTTOES: In chief CHRISTUS NATUS EST & in base GOODWILL TO ALL MEN



LADY CAYLEY WITH HUSBAND AND FAMILY

This year I'm making an early start

by LADY CAYLEY

ARMS FOR FATHER CHRISTMAS

Everybody collects presents from Father Christmas, but whoever thinks of a gift for him? And what is there to give him anyway? One thing this illustrious fellow certainly lacks, as inquiry at the College of Heraldry will show, is a coat-of-arms. So here is an attempt to fill the gap. This "achievement," to use the heralds' technical term, was specially contrived and illuminated by W. J. HILL. You will find in it all the things associated with the sleigh-borne present-purveyor, each correctly rendered in accordance with the conventions of the ancient practice of heraldry

IT was roughly late October when the Twins (running small risk that their voices would get them snapped up for grand opera) first rollicked home from school chorusing: "Noel, noel, noel, noel, NOEL." It was roughly three hours and 300 Noels later, that the brilliant idea came. *This year I, too, would start early for Christmas!*

NO MORE harassed last-minute flying into town for last-minute cards, and finding nothing left but repellent deckle-edged jobs featuring corpulent snowbound robins with verses lifted from the "In Memoriam" column—at 1s. 3d. a time, too.

NO MORE returning to town in the afternoon for extra sausages and crackers, and to have the fairy lights repaired, and for two more tangerines and two pink sugar mice for the stockings of two more unexpected guests. (Does everyone we know still believe in Santa Claus?)

NO MORE unpacking of the gloves destined for Cousin Emily to give to the Daily, and NO MORE finding, when Great-Uncle Richard decides to spend Christmas Day with us after all, that all that remains in the Bazaar drawer is a small embroidered tray-cloth!

My trouble, says my husband, is that I have no method. Look at him! He "doesn't get fussed over a little simple shopping!" (Perfume for female relatives between 14 and 84, cigars for male dittos. Coin of the realm for those not catered for by the above broad categories—and a p.c. to Harridges does the lot.)

The Twins, too, are well on with their plans. With verve but not the slightest skill, cards bearing lopsided reindeer and "merry xmas" in crooked lettering have been dashed off for an assortment of friends and relatives, while the end-products of school handiercrafts—mainly woven ralla oddments in primary colours—will take care of their nearest and dearest.

Carpets, clothes and floor bear witness that Youngest's gifts also are home-made. With determination, much heavy breathing and a

hundredweight or so of glue, a sackful of smelly sea-shells has been stuck to a variety of surfaces. Like the Twins, her recipients must fit themselves to their gifts.

Lists are the thing, so let's make one.

"November W.I. Meeting": Make special effort to attend, and closely watch customary demonstrator covering vast cake with intricate icing pattern in a matter of minutes using only a nozzle and a small paper bag. (Tell myself that annual wrestle with hot and cold knives, bowls, fancy bags and palette knife, which invariably ends in cake being roughed up with fork and called "a snow scene," is ridiculous.) N.B. Must do better in "Home-made gifts costing under 1s." competition. Last year's entry of a chain-store hanky with a lazy daisy added in the corner was poorly viewed.

"Inform youngest, in good time, to avoid last-minute scene, that she is too young to go out carol-singing." "The Twins are two years older. Oh, very well, then, 21 months." Instead she has been invited to a party. Yes, naturally white socks. No, they are not babyish! No, going with her small nieces is not babyish either. Actually, it is very grown-up, for she will be in charge of tiny Maria, Lucy and Frederica. Youngest appears impressed, but merely replies: "Then the Twins must be made to wear white socks, too!"

"Reassure aproned and pram-pushing sons-in-law..." that the unskilled chores of repairing fairy lights, waiting on Great-Uncle Richard, blowing up the tyres of Youngest's tricycle, and rounding up the Twins (last Christmas Day reported by milkman to be tobogganing uncertainly down the centre of the main road, causing traffic block—"People find out what we're doing just so they can stop us!") can be safely left to third and fourth daughters' customary string of followers. "No, of course they won't just 'swan around.' Certainly they must work their passages as

[Continued on page 58]

They helped to make the Christmas

THE PERSONALITIES
AND WHAT
THEY
ADDED



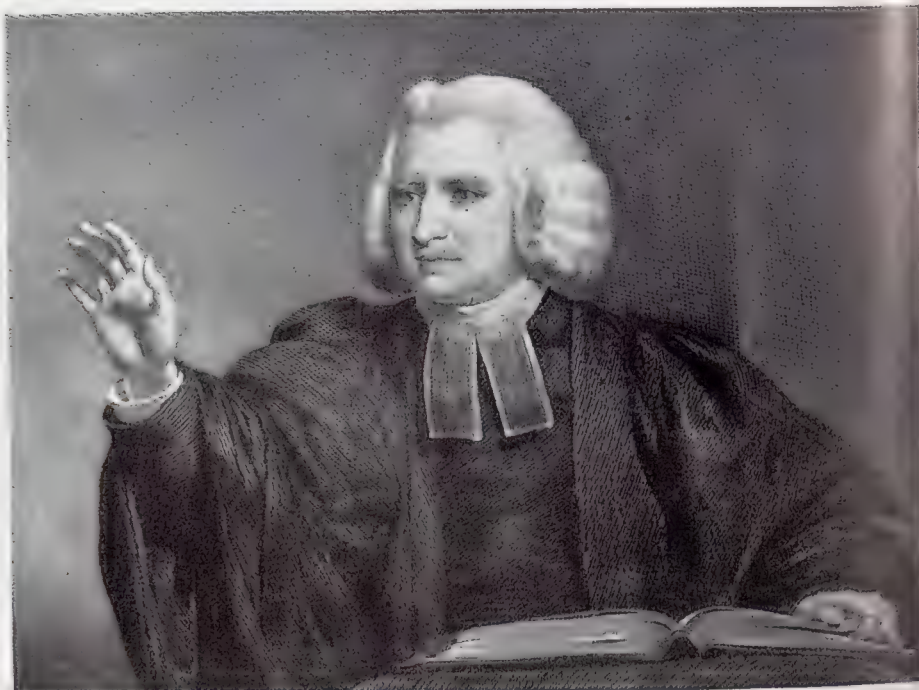
THE CARDS

SIR HENRY COLE, civil servant associated with 1851 exhibition, introduced Christmas cards



THE TREE

THE PRINCE CONSORT, German-born, popularized the decorated fir tree, which, however, has earlier origins



THE ROYAL BROADCAST

GEORGE V (left) began the annual Christmas Day broadcast by the monarch in 1932

THE CAROL SINGING

CHARLES WESLEY, brother of Methodist pioneer John, wrote Hark the Herald Angels Sing, &c.

we know



THE REVELS

CHARLES DICKENS contributed strongly to festive tradition, especially with *A Christmas Carol*



THE CRIB

ST. FRANCIS of Assisi is credited with originating the custom of making cribs



THE PANTOMIME

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, eminent Victorian, ruled Drury Lane when modern pantomime was evolved there

Christmas as we know and enjoy it is a mixture as diverse as the traditional plum pudding, drawing ingredients from many lands and many ages. Some of the personalities who have contributed to the trimmings that give the festival its special character are shown on these two pages. There are many others. Cortes, for example, could be credited with bringing home the turkey. The conqueror of Mexico (1485-1547) found the bird domesticated by the Indians there and a cargo of turkeys was sent to Spain in 1519. The first turkeys to reach England arrived between 1524 and 1541. Then there are the Christmas crackers, developed from sweet-filled twists of paper (French *bonbons*). An Englishman Tom Smith added mottoes, a bang, and new fillings about 100 years ago. Santa Claus himself, of course (*see page 9*), derives from St. Nicholas, and many of the Christmas customs have equally remote beginnings, though they may owe their modern popularity to later efforts by one individual—as Charles Wesley's Christmas hymns led to a revival of carol-singing

Card index

by Mary Macpherson

THE EXPERIENCED HAND CAN TELL WHO SENT THE CARD
WITHOUT EVEN LOOKING AT THE SIGNATURE INSIDE IT!

CAN it really be, we ask ourselves morosely, that 365 days have passed in such a flash that after throwing out all those old Christmas cards only (it seems) a week or so ago, we have got to start the whole unfestive lark again?

At this moment all over the British Isles, cards carrying Seasonal Greetings to All at No. 25 Moor Road (and disguising, if the truth be told, many dark thoughts) are winging their way through the post.

Lavender-scented cards with darling little robins chirping on them, perfect for Auntie Madge who is a pillar of the local R.S.P.C.A. but somehow finding their way instead to Uncle Bill who plays rugger every Saturday afternoon. Or, even less appropriately, to the dustman, in the frenzied hope that it will make his 5s. Christmas box look a whole lot bigger.

Cards from Auntie Madge, who plays safe every year, and sends (a) a picture of a house with some snow and a heavily-laden postman, or (b) a picture of a skating scene with some snow and a heavily-laden postman.

Witty cards, with Father Christmas ogling a chorus girl dressed as the fairy on the top of the tree, or falling head-first down a chimney, or being stood on by his reindeer.

More witty cards, with poodles looking coyly at kittens under the mistletoe, and angel-faced chorus-boys unangelically stealing the Christmas pudding.

Cards with a message, sent by charitable organizations, and cards with no message at all, except possibly, "Look what expensive cards I can afford to send."

Cards, in fact, of every shape and size,

from the long narrow ones that give a curious impression of having come from America, to those tiny square 3d. cards, invariably sent by one's grander friends.

If it is true, which I don't for a moment believe anyway, that It's The Thought That Counts, most people's thoughts, round about December 16, bear some pretty strong looking into. We seem to become possessed of a species of arrant hypocrisy. Far too many cards are sent nowadays, and for far too many bad reasons. Off they go, in their pristine white envelopes, messengers not just of goodwill, but often of duty, prudence and forethought as well—as with those cards that are sent to gain prestige, to keep customers happy, and above all, to answer that nightmare argument: "After all, they sent us one last year, didn't they?"

Among the least charming to receive—and, one suspects, the least rewarding to send—is the Prestige Card. It is easily recognizable for its enormous size even before it slides glossily out of its hand-made envelope. It comes from people on their way up, who (presumably because the business of fighting one's way from rung to rung takes up a lot of one's time) send their secretary out to order anything from 1,000 upwards. Both the London and country addresses are printed at the bottom, and in advanced cases the name as well. Down the spine of the card runs a wine-red ribbon, tied in a perfect bow, and the card itself is, of course, a reproduction of a famous painting.

The atmosphere of pomp this card succeeds in generating is so great that one feels that Leonardo da Vinci was specially

commissioned to paint it—or anyway that it cost as much as if he had been. This sort of card, in spite of its pretension, brings extraordinarily little Christmas spirit with it. Possibly because one is pretty certain that the sender only knows whose Festive Season he is cheering from the typed alphabetical list his secretary has handed him.

The Professional Card is nicer to get, though still erring on the side of the impersonal. It comes from people in the Army, people who work at Lloyd's, from barristers, and doctors. Here one has pictures of a captain in the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, in mess dress of the early 17th century, with underneath a little potted history of the regiment. Or a picture of the Inns of Court as they looked in the reign of the third George. Or a photograph of the new Lloyd's building, with all the surrounding buildings mysteriously erased. (Trampled under, we wonder, by young men racing home to change for a deb dance?) Or even, most confusing of all, one small cypher in the middle of a blank sheet of paper. As people who send this kind of card tend to sign their name with another small cypher, you can only assume hopefully that whoever it is has already had one from you.

Without a doubt the least endearing of all the Christmas cards are the Commercial ones. Where is the pleasure in opening a card, seeing that it comes from the Corner Hardware Store, and realizing that their idea of a Happy New Year is to have you calling every day to spend an awful lot of money on their dustbins.

[Continued on page 56]

How many of these are on your mantelpiece?

Like the jackets of long-playing records, Christmas cards have become an outstanding department of contemporary design. The cards shown here, new for this season, come from the collection of the man mainly responsible for the new look on your mantelpiece. He is Gordon Fraser, 47, a Cambridge graduate in English Literature whose first passion was books—he has about 5,000 volumes at home and has lately taken up book publishing again.

When he began publishing cards (in Cambridge a few years before the war) the accepted design was still an elaborate snow scene with antique "props"—and a cloying verse inside. Fraser, who is devoted to modern design (his collection includes a set of early Picasso etchings), com-

missioned young artists to interpret Christmas greetings in a new way. He went in for vivid colours, simple patterns, and low prices—plus a straightforward message. He has been so successful that he now sells several million cards a year. And though his return to full-time control of the business was delayed after war service until four years ago, he has quadrupled the turnover since then.

Fraser draws on artists from many parts of Europe to keep up with the demand. Many of the designs shown here are in the shops now. Before the next few weeks are out some of them are pretty sure to end up on your mantelpiece, your sideboard, or wherever it is you display these decorative annual messages of goodwill.



The magnet

Nash built it as a spectacular carriageway for the Prince Regent. It was to lead from Carlton House to a mansion in Regent's Park. The mansion was never built, but Regent Street (more than a century later) has become one of the famous thoroughfares of the world. It still runs along Nash's route, though the original colonnades and buildings are gone, and the roadway itself is wider. Since 1954 Regent Street's fame has received a new boost from the striking decorations erected at Christmas-time by the association of traders in the street. This has made Regent Street London's main Christmas shopping street, drawing crowds of shoppers and sightseers from all over Britain.

Mr. Beverley Pick, the 40-year-old industrial designer, has been responsible for all the decorations except last year's. This year he has designed a pattern of internally illuminated, star-like lanterns surrounded by moving stars strung on invisible nylon threads, all linked by garlands of fairy lights.

This is an artist's impression of Regent Street from Piccadilly Circus. Painted before this year's design was revealed, it shows an earlier theme of Arabian lights.





A Visitor



at Evening

SHORT STORY BY STELLA GIBBONS

Illustrations by Michael Peyton

GISIMUND LE PAST, 19th Duke of Elegy, moved irritably in his chair and crouched closer to the fireplace. It was cavernous, black and cold, and the chimneybreast, carved with Cupids, mermaids, dolphins and grapes, towered up to the painted ceiling forty feet overhead. One small convector heater, and a sixty-watt lamp placed at the Duke's elbow, did not adequately heat and light the Quarter-Mile Gallery at Threnody Hall.

"Giuseppe?" said the Duke, as shuffling footsteps approached, accompanied by a strong smell of oil. "Can you spare a minute? I've been running through a few rough ideas for next summer's brochure—to attract a really good attendance—and if you could just let me know what you think of them—"

Giuseppe (he was butler, footman and, when occasion required, chauffeur, and keeper to the Indian buffalo who wandered at will in the Park) paused, setting down the can of paraffin he was carrying.

"But you won't-a give ze peoples ze bubble-gum, and zere is only one toilet. Why should zey come?"

He unscrewed the cap of the can and, blowing out the flame of the convector, began to re-fuel the tank for the night.

"I consider that I provide quite enough in the way of entertainment, in addition to the house itself." The Duke's

eye was cold behind the monocle which he had affected since he had been employed to advertise "Delirious Joy" Biscuits in the United States. "Listen to this: *Threnody, pride of the Northern Marches, begirt with clipped yews all in different shapes, berefreshed with nearly fifty-one fountains, with lawns of the only crop of Cladonia Rangiferina moss growing in England; Threnody, begarlanded with legend, beglamoured with song—*"

"Peoples don't want to see moss," said the handyman firmly.

"This is a very rare kind of moss; it's arctic moss; my family has grown it here for two hundred years; it's the only moss of its kind for a thousand miles." the Duke pleaded.

"Zey don't care. Zey sooner go to Marleyvale Court." Giuseppe fanned away, with a newspaper, the smoke which had followed the extinguishing of the convector.

"Yes . . . I suppose you're right," muttered the Duke. "Attendance last summer was really disastrous. But Hautelere of Marleyvale shouldn't have put a roundabout at the crossroads. It wasn't cricket. (Dash it, we might be back on our old terms in the twelfth century!) That Hautelere mob never did have a clue about chivalry. But you must admit." turning again to the Italian.

"that the buffalo is a success! What about the time he ran wild, and there was all that publicity in *The Morning Crisis*?"

The wind sighed coldly in the vast tapestries along the walls, and the blind white eyes of falling snow peered in through the windows as Giuseppe pulled closer the curtains. [Continued overleaf]



Mark Gerson

THE AUTHOR, famous for her Christmas at Cold Comfort Farm, has also written several books of poems

"What more does the public want?" the Duke demanded.

"And you gotta no sex here."

"I am entirely and utterly at a loss to imagine, Giuseppe, what you might conceivably mean," said the Duke icily.

"You got no beautiful lady-ghost at Threnody."

"Oh, ah, yes, you are referring to the Legend of Marleyvale, I suppose. But you know that Lord Hautclere made that up himself. . . . Where are Lady Mary and Lady Lillian, by the way?" he added.

"Gone to ze movies. In ze bus. Zey won't be back until eleven. Zey must have zeir fun, poor girls."

The Duke, disdaining to answer, suppressed a sigh. Christmas Eve, and the lonely hills all around Threnody deep, deep in snow! And income tax would be due in April.

"I shall have to consider opening

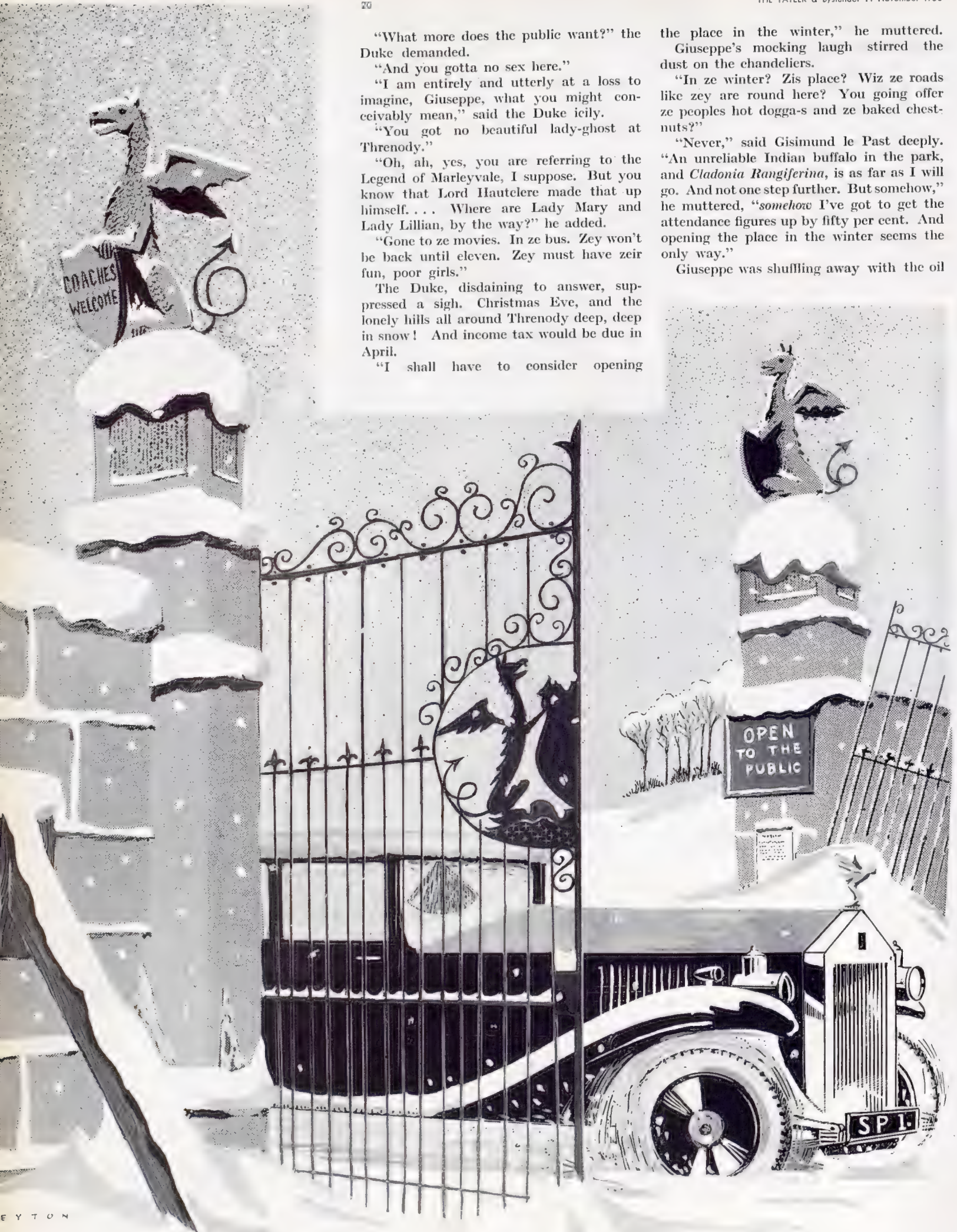
the place in the winter," he muttered.

Giuseppe's mocking laugh stirred the dust on the chandeliers.

"In ze winter? Zis place? Wiz ze roads like zey are round here? You going offer ze peoples hot dogga-s and ze baked chest-nuts?"

"Never," said Gisimund le Past deeply. "An unreliable Indian buffalo in the park, and *Cladonia Rangiferina*, is as far as I will go. And not one step further. But somehow," he muttered, "somehow I've got to get the attendance figures up by fifty per cent. And opening the place in the winter seems the only way."

Giuseppe was shuffling away with the oil





P E Y T O N

can when he paused and said over his shoulder: "I forget tell you. Zere's a gentleman in ze hall."

The Duke sat up on the tattered velvet of his chair. True, Giuseppe's idea of a gentleman was hardly likely to coincide with his own, but on this lonely Christmas Eve, when his elder daughters were gadding in the village, and his favourite and youngest child, Lady Monica, was far away, modelling in Montevideo, any company was better than solitude.

"I sink he a foreign gent," Giuseppe said, "He *very* beeg, and his car—I never see so a beeg. I sink it is a Rolls-Royce car. So old-fashion. He lose his way, he saying."

"Ask him to come in. And bring the whiskey and some hot water... oh, and some lemon. And hurry."

"We gotta a packet of Delirious Joy biscuits left," volunteered Giuseppe, with hospitable instincts aroused, "we got no lemon."

"Then bring that too, and be quick about it."

The visitor was certainly a big man. As he bowed to the Duke some minutes later, he towered a full head and shoulders above his host. A long, dark and bulky overcoat with a wide collar of glossy fur added to the overpowering impression of size. And what a beard! The Duke, while being no push-over for beards, had to concede that if you did like them, here was a feast indeed.

"Merry Christmas," said the visitor at once, in a voice that rumbled out of his stout top-boots, and in an accent so guttural as to be almost unintelligible to anyone but the Duke, who had spent much of his long life in the Diplomatic Service.

"The same to you," le Past replied, "and many of them. Many, many of them," he added courteously, wondering where he had seen this broad, rosy face before. What a soppy cap, he thought—a man of his age! But it's sable all right and so's his collar. Rather a nice chap.

"Christmasses aren't what they used to

be," said the stranger, but his warm, jolly voice took all sadness from the words.

Then his eyes, which were round and blue, strayed to the fireplace and wandered upwards.

"Golly!" he exclaimed, "how simply topping."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Your super-duper chimney. Now that's what I really *call* a chimney. I hope you haven't got one of those beastly new-fangled doo-hickeys on the roof?"

"A television aerial?" said the Duke, who had all at once, with a sensation of incredulous pleasure, recognized his guest, and whose mind was now working quickly. "Oh no, I can't afford television. But won't you sit down?"



He was not surprised when the guest extended himself at ease in the fireplace, which he comfortably filled.

"Whiskey?" said the Duke. "Say when... and do try a biscuit. Delirious Joy, they're called. I'm told they're not bad."

"Yes," he went on, when they were comfortably munching and sipping, "times are hard, aren't they. I've opened my house to the public at three shillings a head, but we aren't doing so well as I hoped... er... have you come from far?"

"From the South," the visitor said. "Far South. Yes... we all have our troubles. Now, I suppose I live *so* far South that you would think the one thing I wouldn't be troubled with was crowds. But not a bit of it. Hundreds of people tramping about all over the place, night *and* day, shouting at each other, and once or twice there were those things—you know—you wind them up and they fly in the air—oh what *are* they called? I'll forget my own name next."

"Aeroplanes," said the Duke.

"That's it. Aeroplanes. But the real trouble was the men and the dogs and other

things. Backwards and forwards, round and round, up and down... it's been so bad for the moss. Worn flat. Not good for the fodder crop."

"*Cladonia Rangiferina*," murmured the Duke with a rapt smile.

"What's that?"

"Never mind. I'll tell you later. You were saying—"

"I've had some difficulty in getting enough good fodder this year. It's all right for me, of course; I stick to pudding and turkey, but I can't run my itinerary at all unless I can get plenty of moss."

"Of course," the Duke said. Then he bent solicitously forward. "Are you quite comfortable? Sure?" and as his guest nodded, with large childlike blue orbs fixed on his face, he went on: "Now I want you to listen carefully, because I have a proposal to make to you. I have been thinking of opening this place, Threnody Hall, to the public during the winter. Winter in England, of course, may be said to go on for the entire year, but if you *could* see your way to being my guest for October, November and December, I would, for that period, place at your disposal my crop, unique in England, of *Cladonia Rangiferina*, or Reindeer Moss. With us, of course, Christmas begins the first week in October, and I could count on at least three months of enormous crowds coming to the house. You, for your share, could count on fresh and ample supplies of fodder."

The visitor did not hesitate. Springing to his feet, so that the entire upper half of his portly person was concealed in the chimney, and his voice went booming up through its sooty caverns even to the snow-covered expanses of the roof, he thrust out his broad warm hand and clasped the long chilly one of the Duke.

"Oh, wizard scheme! And can I sleep in this ripping fireplace?"

So if you visit Threnody Hall this Christmas, you may be sure of getting full value for your three and ninepences (Children, 10s. 6d.).

The Nativity in contemporary life

A CHALLENGING COMMENTARY ON THE RELIGIOUS MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

by the Rev. Simon¹ Phipps

PEOPLE seem to forget that God is worldly, especially Christian people, and especially at Christmas.

At this time of year they write to the papers, castigating the worldliness with which Christmas is celebrated. There is, of course, much in what they say. Christmas has become from the commercial point of view "a good thing," and other senses in which that phrase is true of the occasion tend by many to be forgotten. But when all this is said, there is no getting away from the fact that, in a real sense, God is worldly, and that Christmas, rightly understood, proclaims this to be so. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son. . . ."

The plain fact is that, however "out of this world" and therefore irrelevant, people may think Christianity to be, and however much of a fairy story the Christmas story may seem, both Christianity and Christmas state with uncompromising bluntness that God came "down to earth."

No getting away from this fact? Unfortunately people often have got away from it. Indeed the Church has. It has not by any means been entirely the Church's fault. The colossal rise in population in the last century created insoluble problems for all our institutions. Housing, health, education, all the departments of local government have taken a century to catch up with the new situation. The Church simply suffered the same. It isn't that she has lost the working classes. She never had them. The new

millions were drawn into the great industrial cities, which grew up to accommodate them, and developed a definite life of their own, in which the Church was never much more than a convenience on certain occasions. Both in its ideas and its activities the Church has been left outside the life of the mass of the people, in a small world of its own. It is trying hard to catch up, but it still has a long way to go before it is back in the heart of things.

If you are a realist, Christmas forces you to consider this tragic situation of a church still cut off from much of its real task. For Christmas shows God taking the world seriously—seriously enough to get into the heart of things. It pleads with Christians to do so too. It also pleads with non-Christians to do the same. For God takes the world seriously, in order to persuade the world to take Him seriously.

Christians who do not think of God in terms of the world—of its 40,000,000 refugees, of its population two-thirds underfed and doubling in the next 50 years, of politics national and local, of scientific discovery, of nature, human nature, art and learning—are heretics and untrue to proper Christian belief. They are missing the point as tragically as are those who do not think of the world in terms of God. God and the world are inextricably involved in each other. Christmas shows exactly this. It's worth thinking out what it means.

It was the Jews who first got this hunch. They saw more and more clearly that God speaks to man, and speaks through things: not in some abstract sphere of spiritual imagination, but in and through day-to-day events. This hunch, which Christians have inherited, was derived entirely from events in the world and from nowhere else. In the things that happened God was speaking.

He seemed to be saying two things. In all that was good He was saying how glorious everything could be if man would work with Him. In everything bad, how disastrous if man tried to "go it alone."

This was how the Jews thought of God; a thoroughly practical God, presenting them, in down-to-earth terms of their daily life, with a vital choice—His way or theirs?

We have inherited this view, in theory. In practice this is what we tend to forget. We expect God to speak to us first in and through the Church. But in fact His first word is always in and through the world. The newspaper is the word of God. The shop-floor and the "floor of the House," the board-room and the barrack-room, the

town-hall and the dance-hall, the library, the laboratory, the studio, the home; these are the places where He speaks first to those who realize it and expect it and listen. *For this is where the issues of life hit us.* This is where the vital decisions, personal or public, are laid on us. It is in them that God is speaking to us in our own language, worldly language, edging us toward the choice of His way or ours. If we don't take the world seriously and, in the midst of it, are not alert and sensitive to all this, we miss the point. Indeed we miss the points of decision.

Sometimes in these moments of choice He speaks clearly. It becomes plain what He wants. But far more often it is not clear at all. The result is that we live in a world of hotly divided opinions, East and West, black and white, left and right, management and labour, broken treaties, broken homes, broken personalities. It looks as if God leaves us without a clue.

But in the very fact of this cluelessness He is perhaps speaking His most vital word of all; that left to ourselves we cannot cope. Even when guidance seems clear, we are often powerless to respond. Our best intentions are so often frustrated. Through the hardest facts of life He seems to say: "You cannot go it alone."

So what? So Christmas! "God-with-us," was the name they were told to give the obscure child born in the outhouse of the Bethlehem inn. "You cannot go it alone. But I've come to show you the way and take you along it, if you want to go this way."

This is the climax of His challenge. For He didn't present us with a solution on a plate. He simply came and showed us the way, and asked us to take it and offered to keep us going along it if we chose it.

If we choose it! That "if" is the heart of the challenge. The Christmas way leads "down to earth," down to the level of ordinary people, in order there to minister to their needs. That first Christmas, God Himself took the plunge. He came down from heaven and was made man. That's the way.

Whenever Christians have followed His example and taken the plunge, something has happened, something new has come into the situation. Or should one say "Someone" new? Yes! Whenever anyone takes the plunge of Christian love and service, it becomes "Christmas." Christ is born into the situation; there is a new power of love, of tolerance, wisdom, peace and delight—God-with-us.

The first Christmas points this way. God is always waiting, and the world is always waiting for each one of us to take this way and make of Christmas, not just a past scene to be remembered, but a present fact to be enjoyed.



THE AUTHOR is chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge, and religious adviser to Associated-Television Ltd.



The Nativity in art

The 16th Century, remembered for the immense religious upheaval of the Reformation, was also remarkable for the splendour of its religious art. Michelangelo, Veronese, Coreggio, El Greco and others were painting their masterpieces, and in the studios of such painters a profusion of lesser artists worked whose names have not survived. This Nativity painting is from the studio of Botticelli (1444-1510), who helped to decorate the Vatican's famous Sistine chapel. It shows the Virgin Mary with her Child, and St. John the Baptist and angels in the background. It hangs in the National Gallery, London, and is reproduced by courtesy of the trustees

cocktail time . . .



PHOTOGRAPH BY SIR GEOFFREY CORY-WRIGHT

You either LIKE it (see this page) or you LOATHE it (keep on turning)



HELEN
BURKE
has these
food tips for
those in favour

By far the easiest "springboard" to higher entertaining is still the cocktail party.

But it is by no means the least expensive, because the drinks may run into quite a sum. Still, there is little to plan about them. The "usual" is usually expected and does adequately. Foods? One need not make a single thing! One can more or less get by with little dishes of nuts and cheese biscuits, cheese itself and outsize potato crisps scattered around the room. Olives too, perhaps, plain and stuffed. Visit a delicatessen shop, however, or the special food departments in the stores, and you will find a marvellous selection of cocktail-party savouries. Here are tiny *canapes* of smoked salmon, sardines and pickled herrings; salami or other sausage glazed with aspic; *bouchées*, the size of a two-shilling piece, filled with creamed chicken, lobster or *scampi*.

These are the backbone of a spread. Add an *entrée* dish of hot tiny sausages, impaled on cocktail sticks or (also on cocktail sticks) egg and bread-crumbed *scampi* fried in deep vegetable fat; or—something even more exciting—tiny shrimp croquettes, a speciality of Brussels. For these last, start with a really thick Bechamel sauce full of chopped shelled shrimps, seasoned with pepper and a suspicion of grated nutmeg. Add no salt until after the shrimps have been well blended in.

Halve the mixture. To one portion, add a pinch, not more, of curry-powder. Leave both lots to become cold on a plate, then form into tiny cork shapes not longer than

1¼ in. Dip in egg and then fine breadcrumbs or chopped almonds and drop into really hot fat to become a warm gold.

Keep the sausages, *scampi* and croquettes in *entrée* dishes in a warm oven until required, and stick the cocktail sticks in them just before they are served. Better still, if you have a plate-warmer, stand the dishes on it just before the guests arrive.

Or, instead of shrimps, add, say, ½ lb. of minced cooked chicken to a pint of Bechamel sauce, with or without curry-powder; or the same amount of minced white-gilled mushrooms, first lightly cooked in a little butter and a squeeze of lemon juice (to keep them white). If these are egged, dipped in a mixture of breadcrumbs and grated Parmesan or dry Cheddar cheese and then deep-fat fried, they assume a quite unusual flavour.

Another suggestion is bacon-wrapped morsels, such as chicken, duck, goose or turkey liver, stoned barely-cooked prunes stuffed with salted almonds, pimento-stuffed olives and mussels (steamed open). Choose very thin rashers of rindless streaky bacon. Cut them across in half and spread them out even thinner with the back of a knife. Wrap them around their filling, secure with cocktail sticks and bake in a hot oven. Or simply have baked little rolls of bacon, secured with the sticks.

And now, what is a "must" to me—shrimp slices or "Krupuk Udang," which many of the stores now stock. These are little flat hard-as-brick discs which look for all the world like warm cream honesty seed pods. Drop them, a few at a time, into very hot deep vegetable fat or oil and they puff up beautifully. They can be kept hot for quite a time and are really fabulous snippets. (They are referred to as "Oriental Cocktail Savouries.")

Coming to something less spectacular, but good: Spread ice-cream wafers with the merest suggestion of butter. Sprinkle them with grated dry Cheddar cheese, sharpened with a few grains of Cayenne, and pop them under a hot grill just long enough to brown the cheese.

Finally, you can buy ready-made quasi puff-pastry cases, just a mouthful each, ready for any filling you desire, and there are small deeper cases, to which I am devoted, for the same purpose.

HORS D'OEUVRES MEALS

Still with young hostesses in mind, I come to the *hors d'oeuvres* kind of food plan. Here

the guests help themselves and sit at small tables, which is much more comfortable than standing.

If the party is after Christmas, there may be cold turkey or goose, and that leads to a pleasant salad. Or a young boiling chicken can be specially cooked for it. Remove the skin from the fairly hot bird. Cut off the meat and slice it into suitable pieces. Marinade them in a light, well-seasoned dressing of one part lemon juice to three parts olive oil, a few drops of Tabasco sauce and a little made mustard.

A 4 to 5-lb. chicken should yield enough meat for 10 to 12 servings, with 1 lb. Patna rice boiled just to the point where there is no longer a firm centre when a grain is bitten through. Wash the cooked rice well in cold water and leave it to drain for several hours. Add plenty of chopped parsley, several chopped, skinned and deseeded firm tomatoes, a small tin of sweet red peppers (chopped) and 2 to 3 peeled pears. Cut the pears into eighths and then slices, and at once coat them with lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Turn all these ingredients in enough mayonnaise (thinned down with a little lemon juice) to

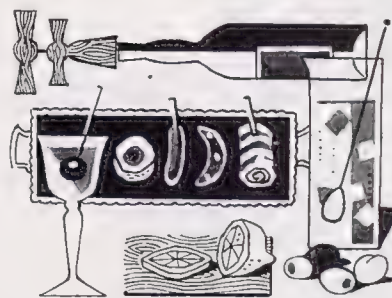
coat them well. An hour before the dish is to be served, add the drained pieces of chicken and mix all well together. Pile in the centre of a large platter and garnish with quartered hard-boiled eggs, cut lengthwise, twirls of cucumber, if available, or radishes, if possible; or have a border of Belgian

endive (chicory), cut in halves lengthwise and then across in ½-in. slices and dressed with a mixture of olive oil, tomato ketchup and chopped parsley.

That makes the centre piece. To start with, there are *hors d'oeuvre* dishes such as cornets of smoked salmon filled with horse-radish cream, Bismarck herrings or roll mops, sardines, anchovy fillets in oil garnished with sieved hard-boiled egg yolk on top and the chopped white all around, all of which are easy to prepare. Then there are liver pâté or chicken-liver paste, home-made or bought, with those long and thin bread "sticks" that some bakers sell.

Instead of the chicken salad, a selection of cold sliced meats from which the guests will choose will be acceptable to all. Here again, I suggest a visit to a delicatessen, where one can buy Parma or boiled ham, mortadella (large Italian sausage), salami, underdone roast beef, tongue, smoked turkey and various pâtés. Ready-cooked foods cut out a lot of

[Continued on p. 61]



cocktail time...

BRIGGS

goes to one of those parties—



by GRAHAM



and ANTONIA FRASER asks: Why ever can't we have dinner first?

NO SOCIAL FUNCTION ever got off to a more glamorous start. In the early twenties it was a daring innovation, and the victory of the "cocktail dance" over the more decorous "thé dansant" was breathlessly reported in the social columns of the press (I can readily believe the rather naïve comment of one gossip-writer: "There was a wonderful new vim noticeable in the dancing last night at Ciro's, now that the fashionable cocktail has replaced tea.")

The wail of prudish dismay which had greeted the appearance of the cocktail itself was readily transferred to the cocktail party. After all, how could a party fail to succeed which was built round a "perilous habit", the subject of a lengthy and mournful discussion in the correspondence columns of *The Times*?

"The effect of the cocktail is to excite the mind, rather than to stimulate the appetite," wailed a Cassandra of the newspaper world in 1921. "That is where the evil of the cocktail habit lies." The more enterprising readers of *The Times* cannot be blamed for supposing that a concoction which "excited the mind" would prove an admirable basis for a jolly party.

In vain a leading Harley Street doctor denounced the cocktail as "an abomination, the natural enemy of the stomach," a health conference predicted an increase in road accidents as a result of the inebriation of girl drivers, and a Lincolnshire clergyman revealed darkly that he knew of a young lady who regularly drank 40 cocktails a day, with presumably dreadful consequences.

The very fact that the cocktail was considered especially pernicious for the Weaker Sex (whose weakness apparently consisted of a weaker head and weaker digestion) went far to seal its success. The twenties were the great age of the emancipation of women, and probably the only age when emancipation was thoroughly enjoyed (before 1914 the struggle had been too grim, too dedicated; after 1930 the fruits of victory were taken for granted). As Betty or Joan raised her cocktail glass, which already by 1922 might contain one of 200 mixtures, she might not know it, but she was drinking to masculine defeat and female freedom. The cocktail party, with the sexes equally

divided in numbers, and equally united in enjoying their martinis and their cigarettes, represented a cheerful breakaway from the male ritual of port drunk in seclusion after dinner, the cigars which had to be smoked in a special room lest the gross odour offend the nostrils of the ladies.

No wonder Betty and Joan tossed their shingled heads when a bishop solemnly warned young girls: "If a young man takes you out to dine and offers you a cocktail, never go out with him again." The Bright Young Things drank their cocktails with *insouciance* and planned their famous parties, those fancy-dress and treasure-hunt parties without end, the baby parties, tropical parties, murder parties, whose ebullience and determined high spirits must surely be the envy of would-be hostesses ever since—not least the despairing givers of devitalized cocktail parties, 1958 style.

When, or perhaps more to the point, *why* did the rot set in? Was it the inevitable transformation of forbidden fruit to everyday fare, which robbed the cocktail party of its glamour? By 1928, according to one columnist, "the insidious attractions of the cocktail party are now creeping to the older set," though the following snippet suggests that a faint and alluring aura of disrespectability still hung about the function: "Lady F. is another who gave a cocktail party this week. Her demurely Victorian appearance with smoothly banded Titian hair must have looked slightly incongruous at the entertainment. . . ." One wonders exactly what sort of Bacchanalia was expected—and did Lady F.'s Titian tresses remain smoothly banded to the very end?

In the same year a learned judge was heard to ask peevishly in court: "What is a cocktail party?" When learned judges make this sort of inquiry, it is generally safe to assume that the thing in question is an established British institution. But on this occasion, counsel for the defence, whose client was up on a charge of dangerous driving, was sufficiently unsure of his ground to deny that what his client had attended had actually been a cocktail party "though some of those present might have had a cocktail." Let us hope that the nice distinction got the reckless driver off.

Perhaps it would be safer to date the new respectability of the cocktail party from the next year when, in the Law Courts once more, a creditor put forward the plea that his debtor could obviously afford his bill since he had given a cocktail party a day or two before. He pleaded—and won his case—that a cocktail party was "a definite sign of wealth and position." Gentle reader, you, who gave a cocktail party last week, and now gloomily face the bill for the evening, please note and take comfort.

By 1934 the cocktail is definitely weighed down with the burden of the Establishment's approval. At the Empire Cocktail Competition, Marina was the most popular name (in honour of the Duchess of Kent whose marriage took place that year) with Endeavour a close second. Imagine drinks graced with such dignified estimable names slipping down the throat of a Bright Young Thing! In 1937 the *Daily Mail* Coronation Cocktail Competition was won by a concoction called Our Smiling Duchess, named for the

[Continued on page 61]

Cherry on a stick*

*Standing in a corner
Staring at the ceiling
Trying hard to smile.
And look a bit appealing
Me, an empty glass, and a
cherry on a stick.*

*If my glass is empty
No one comes to fill it.
If my glass is full
Then someone's sure to spill it.
So I'm satisfied with a
cherry on a stick.*

*I've got no time for hale
and hearty people
Got no time for
cocktail-party people.*

*People in their best suits
People in their dress suits
Socialites in tired ones
Parasites in hired ones.
Me in all I've got
And a cherry on a stick.
One lousy cherry
On one lousy stick.*

*Chorus from the musical comedy *Lady at the Wheel* (words by Leslie Bricusse, music by Robin Beaumont) presented at the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith, 1958. Copyright: Kastner Associated Publishers Ltd.

SANDRINGHAM

where the Royal Family always gathers for Christmas



THE AUTHOR is the *B.B.C.'s* royal commentator. For many years she has covered royal functions for both radio and TV and has travelled thousands of miles

CHRISTMAS at Sandringham House is an institution in the Royal Family. Yet the tradition of this mid-Victorian gabled mansion is short when compared to that of Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle or even Balmoral.

The 6,000-acre Norfolk estate of Sandringham was purchased in 1861 by the Prince Consort as a shooting lodge for his eldest son, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, then just 20 years old. The price of £220,000 was paid from revenues from the Duchy of Cornwall that had accumulated during the minority of the Prince, the future King Edward VII.

The choice of this estate may have seemed strange at the time, for the house was too small and most of the land a bleak, unprofitable heath. The house was pulled down and rebuilt in its present form, with extensive outbuildings, kennels and stabling for a stud farm. The estate has been converted into well-timbered arable land and Sandringham has been made by its successive Royal owners into one of the most successful agricultural and sporting properties in the country.

The young Prince of Wales married Princess Alexandra of Denmark two years after the purchase of the house. Then began the first tide of house parties, which though they took place in the late Victorian age were certainly Edwardian in scope and style.

Soon the "Big House" was not large enough for the many guests and a sizeable red brick building was built and given the name of "The Batchelor's Cottage." Just as the Pavilion at Brighton came to life when visited by the Prince Regent and his friends, so Sandringham later developed as a centre for those lively members of European and American society whom King Edward liked to entertain. Happily for his tastes, his birthday and that of the Queen fell right in the middle of the shooting season.

So, as the two dates approached (November 9th and December 1st respectively) each year, Sandringham shook from chimneys to doorsteps with preparations. Extra domestic staff from London travelled down by the Great Eastern Railway that ran so conveniently to Wolferton, a village on the estate. Log fires crackled in every grate.

flowers and plants from the greenhouses decorated the rooms and delicious meals were prepared, notably the large buffet luncheons to be served in a marquee near the butts.

King Edward VII, determined to make the most of the short hours of daylight in the winter time, advanced the clocks by half an hour all over the estate. In Royal circles, the initials S.T. stood for Sandringham Time until the practice of advancing the clocks was abolished by Edward VIII on his accession in 1936.

King Edward VII's house parties generally lasted about a week. Between times, the house subsided into a brief sleep and the festivities for the year culminated in the huge family gathering at Christmas time.

Perhaps the most important feature about Sandringham is that it is a private house and has always been regarded by the Royal Family as home. George V wrote: "Dear old Sandringham, the place I love better than anywhere in the world." He lived there for 33 years, first as Duke of York with his young wife at the Batchelor's Cottage, which was renamed York Cottage in his honour. Here five of his six children were born and spent much of their childhood.

Sandringham offers a freedom unattainable to royal children in London. The children of King George V could walk in the surrounding countryside, cycle into the villages of West Newton and Castle Rising, or linger at Wolferton Station to watch the trains go by. This freedom still persists, for Prince Charles and Princess Anne often cycle around the estate or visit the Post Office and local stores.

Modernization at Sandringham has come about gradually or when especially needed. An electric lift was installed when King George V's health began to fail in 1931. But it was not until the reign of King George VI that the general appearance of the interior was changed. Early in his reign, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth (now the Queen Mother) set about reorganizing, and thinning out the mass of furniture and knick-knacks that had accumulated. The potted palms, Indian tables, draught screens and what-nots so beloved by Queen Victoria were banished. The countless sporting prints, family albums, leather-bound Edwardian

by AUDREY
RUSSELL



game books recording the phenomenal bags of pheasant, partridge and grouse were stored away. Sandringham (already equipped with partial central heating) took on a new look and the large windows now let in the sun and bracing air to many rooms redecorated in the lighter colours favoured in this present age.

Out of doors modernization has continued extensively in the present reign. Prince Philip's plan for reorganizing and mechanizing the Home Farm has made it completely up-to-date and self-supporting. The lifelike statue of King Edward's Derby winner, Persimmon, now has some forty mares and the famous stallion, Aureole, for company, living in the stables of the Queen's Stud.

Sandringham is the setting of an event that has become an important part of Christmas in Britain. King George V broadcast his first Christmas message from the privacy of his study there in 1932. "I speak to you from my home and from my heart," he said. Listening to the King soon

became part of Christmas family reunions all over the Commonwealth. Last year, the jubilee of King George's first Christmas message, television was brought to Sandringham and millions watched the Queen speaking from beside a desk in the Long Library. Technical problems made the change from study to library essential. Mr. Peter Dimmock, Head of B.B.C. Television Outside Broadcasts, explained to me that though extra space was needed for the cameras in the room itself, the choice was also made in an effort to be unobtrusive. A courtyard flanking the library was ideal for parking the many vans and paraphernalia of TV equipment. It is well to remember, however, that this event, with its huge radio audience all over the world, is still regarded by Palace officials as "a sound broadcast that is televised." The B.B.C.'s outside-broadcast engineer in-charge, the imperturbable Mr. R. H. Wood (who has supervised every Royal Christmas broadcast since 1935) is still in charge of the arrangements for sound.

The Christmas holidays at Sandringham follow a similar routine year by year. Presents are distributed among the family in the Ballroom some time between tea and dinner on Christmas Eve. This is presumably because there is so much to do on Christmas Day, or maybe because the custom was introduced by the Prince Consort and no one has thought of changing it. On Christmas Day the Queen, Prince Philip, and the other adult members of the family celebrate early Communion at Sandringham Church and later all go to Matins at 11 o'clock. After Christmas luncheon, the whole family gathers in the drawing-room to watch the television screen and listen to Her Majesty speaking to her peoples everywhere.

There are no formal engagements for the rest of the day, but the Queen as usual pours out tea for everyone at 5 o'clock. Later when the children have extracted the last possibilities of a happy Christmas Day and gone to bed, dinner is served by candlelight in the dining-room that has seen the family gatherings of five Royal generations.



The impresario

PORTRAIT OF THE SEASON'S MOST HARASSED MAN

WORKING from the worry-ulcer outwards, one could sum him up as the Beaming Smile above the Pocket Empty.

Empty indeed—for though many an impresario has staked many a hungry genius to a fixer in-advance-of, never in the fantastic history of theatre and concert impresage has an artist been known to make a timely loan to his hard-pressed impresario—voluntarily.

His enterprises will be far-flung and hazardous. He may be arranging a world-wide tour for a famous ballet, opera, orchestra, or national theatre—an enterprise for which he will need a network of local impresarii, all beaming, all bowing, all spending money and all on expense accounts.

Or he may be responsible for policy, artistic and financial, of an opera house, where you will find him in his crowded foyer, still beaming, still bowing, and still pouring champagne in the full knowledge that the world-wide prima donna who should by rights be screaming her head off at her husband, lucky man, in the Number One dressing-room, is certainly screaming at her husband but at some airport half a continent and a left-behind passport away.

Or currently he may be engaged in piping the public to an open-air pageant of Son et Lumière in the grounds of some historic but remote English country house in the teeth of the English summer weather.

Then again, he may find himself backing his own—long-term—judgment by presenting a young artist with a green but growing talent to a singularly short-sighted and unresponsive world.

And I did once meet an impresario to a fortune teller—an unpredictable impresage, this, which ended in the hasty exodus of all concerned.

It will be seen at once that any one of these projects calls for a will of iron, nerves of steel and a stomach of reinforced concrete. Useful, too, is the capacity to think quickly and a fluid attitude to plans. A great help, too, is his

ability to babble amiable compliments while his whole world hangs in the balance. Also a life-long habit of never fully confiding in anyone. He will never ever admit to being beaten by anything or any combination of things, from the launching of a Chinese prima donna as Madama Butterflee (to be sung in French at Monte Carlo), to a world war—both perhaps simultaneously.

Broken hearts, disarranged marriages, illnesses, cancellations and squabbles all come to him to be solved and settled. He is above all the father of a highly temperamental family and also its Minister of Home and Foreign Affairs.

He is a gambler, of course, but only in talent. A man stout in heart as well as in stomach (I have known two thin impresarii, but one was impresing bears and tigers and the other has a world-famous singer to impres).

Always ready to hearten his artistes even though his own courage is at its lowest ebb. At ease with royalty, at home with genius, at grips with his overdraft, at peace with the press.

When in doubt he emulates the action of the octopus, never letting the other seven tentacles know what the eighth is getting up to. But all these excellent qualities are as nought if not allied to a campaigning general's ability to carry the day with his board of governors, box office manager or ballerina.

All the fairies were invited to his christening—all save one—the Fairy Truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

He knows squalors, grandeurs and a darned good lawyer. He may never be a rich man, never live to enjoy a ripe old age—it would only bore him, anyway. But he will have the enormous satisfaction of knowing that he has at least turned the handle of the door that only men and women of genius may pass through.

And as they pass he beams, he bows, and he tips the call-boy.

Key to photographs. Four impresarios (l. to r.): Robert Ponsonby, Artistic Director, Edinburgh Festival; Dr. Julian Braunschwag, Director, London Festival Ballet; David Webster, General Administrator, Covent Garden; Sol Hurok, the leading American impresario

Caryl Brahms

ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE SENT TO ME...



A partridge in a pear-tree ... four colly
birds ... eight maids a-milking
ten pipers playing ... twelve
lords a-leaping ...

Whatever was the fellow thinking of?

And whatever would a girl do with
presents like those? A true love
ought to spend all that money
to better purpose ... see overleaf

A SIX-PAGE COLOUR EXTRAVAGANZA ON GIFTS NO GIRL WOULD SAY 'NO' TO



Instead of a partridge in a pear-tree, something more substantial to eat (left) . . . a luxury hamper (from Fortnum & Mason, 16 gns.)



Instead of two turtle-doves, something just as symbolic of affection and more practical (above) . . . an orchid every Monday morning (£52 a year—also from Fortnum & Mason)



Instead of three French hens, something more substantial to drink (right) . . . a bottle of Moët & Chandon (left) . . . a bottle of Methuselah (quadruple magnum) of champagne (£14 8s.—shown next to an ordinary bottle)

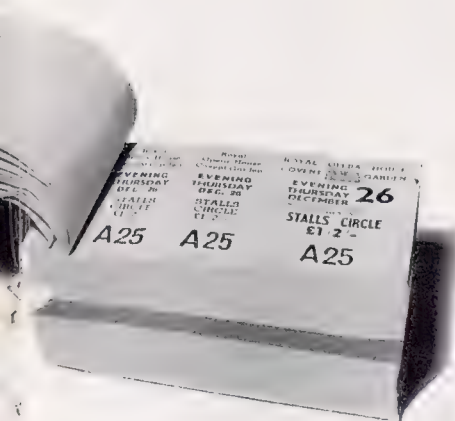


Instead of five golden rings, something more practical (above) . . . a bottle of Moët & Chandon

Instead of five golden rings, something more practical (above) . . . a bottle of Moët & Chandon

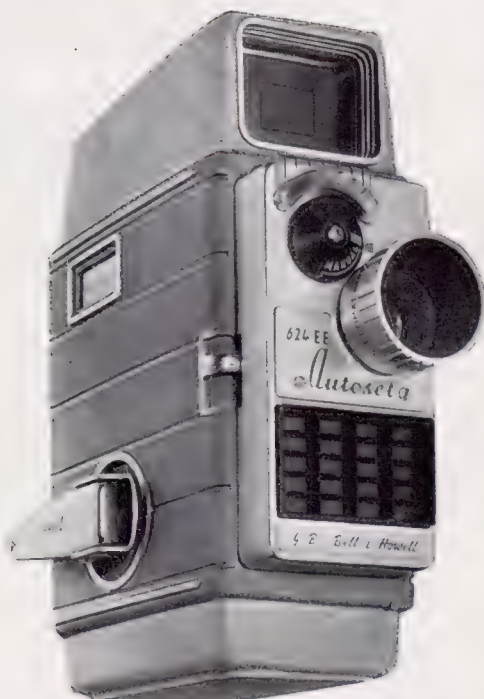


ething the
(left) ... a
of cham-
n ordinary



Instead of four colly birds, something a girl
would know what to do with ... tickets
(above) for every night of the season at
Covent Garden (at 22s. a stall)

Instead of five gold rings ... well, maybe
five gold rings aren't such a bad idea



Instead of six geese a-laying, something with a
longer-lasting product (above) ... a cine-camera
that sets its own lens automatically—you just
point and shoot (GB-Bell & Howell Autoset,
£49 19s. 4d.)

Instead of seven swans a-swimming, something
that makes a better pet (below) ... a pedigree
poodle like Snowrest or the miniature Mistletoe
(anything up to £2,000 for a champion)





Instead of eight maids a-milking, something that takes less house room (above) ... the largest size of the dearest scent—Jean Patou's Joy (£23 10s. a 2 oz. bottle)

Instead of nine drummers drumming, something even more stirring (left) ... an Elizabethan sapphire-mink jacket (from Debenham & Freebody, 887 guineas)

Instead of ten pipers playing, something still more éclatant ... a portrait of yourself painted by John Merton, who did the controversial portrait (below) of Lady Dalkeith (fee secret, but in four figures)



Instead of eleven ladies dancing, something that sparkles for ever (right) ... a tiara that dismantles into necklace or bracelet, and earclips and brooches (£5,115 from Garrards)



ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE SENT TO ME . . .

And of course she'll need

something to get about in . . .



So while he's about it, why not go the whole hog and give the girl a Thunderbird? True, it will set him back a cool £4,021, but isn't that a better bargain than twelve lords a-leaping? Besides, she'll get more than an elegant sports-car. This luxurious four-seater changes gears automatically, lowers or raises its hood at the touch of a button, adjusts its front seat and its windows by push-button too, has power-steering, full air-conditioning and enough room in the boot for any amount of shopping. Oh, and another thing . . . it does 100-plus with ease. (DISTRIBUTED IN THE U.K. BY LINCOLN CARS LTD., GREAT WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD)

It's all such fun— or is it?

*Take O take those gifts away,
Ties like that should not be worn
And those socks—pink, scarlet,
grey—
Shattered me on Christmas morn:
But your cheque, Love, bring again,
bring again—
Then I'll purchase something plain,
something plain!*

*Now icicles hang by the wall,
Each nose is nipt with driving
hail—
The plumber promised he would call
To mend our pipes, why doth he
fail?
Ah, well, the pudding's in the pot,
'Twill make us merry, will it not?*

*Now all around the wind doth blow,
With coughs and sneezes all
about;
The tradesmen's vans stick in the
snow
And coal supplies have given out:
The electricity is cut
And Christmas dinner has gone
"phut!"*

*"Drink to me only with thine eyes,"
A poet sang of yore,
But it would cause you much
surprise
If you weren't offered more;
To modern manners we must bow,
Kisses in cups don't fit,
Wine waiters have no nectar now—
You'd like a gin and It?*

*Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That when you start to buy
Your Christmas gifts I lag behind
Or to my Club I fly.*

*True, I detest each shopper's face,
The shops with windows sealed;
Though you may think my conduct
base
I will not, cannot yield.*

*And it amazes me that such
Conditions you adore,
You would not nag me, Dear, so
much
If I liked shopping more.*

Leslie Oyler



SCARABS TO SPUTNIKS

The popularity of charms for ornaments and presents spans the centuries . . . and so do the designs

EVERY YEAR tens of thousands of charms for bracelets are made in Britain. In gold, in silver or in gold-plated base metal, they range from working models of windmills, replicas of old-fashioned motor cars, miniature lorgnettes, and figures, to reproductions of old seals and amulets. For £15 you can buy a beautifully-made model in 18-carat gold of an old windjammer—or, for a few shillings, a replica of the tower at Blackpool in gilt. Thousands of these "souvenir" charms are sold. They record not only places and people but international events. The other day I was shown a gold model of the Atomium at the Brussels Fair by a jeweller friend. He was also studying a photograph of Britain's 12-metre *Sceptre*, and told me there was a large demand for yachting charms since the revival of the America's Cup races this year.

Charms are almost as old as the history of man. Bracelets and necklaces decorated with them have been found in the tombs of Babylon, Assyria and Egypt. The Egyptians with their deep concern about life beyond the grave, and their fear of evil spirits and ill-wishers, seem to have been more addicted to charms than any other race in history. The scarab beetle—the symbol of life—the images and the insignia of the gods, all were made in miniature form by the ancient Egyptian jewellers. Precious stones, gold, enamels and lapis-lazuli were used to decorate these ancestors of the modern charm bracelet.

A favourite today is the charm bearing the owner's name, initials, or monogram. "They became popular during the war," I was told, "when women wanted something a little smarter and more decorative than the service identity tab." But bracelets and jewellery featuring the owner's name and initials were fashionable in England long before the war. Hall's Chronicles describing a festival held in the court of King Henry VIII mention that "*Every garment was full of poysees, made of letters of fine gold in bullion as thicke as they might be, and every person had his name in like letters of massy gold.*"

There is a drawing in the British Museum by Hans Holbein, the King's portrait-painter, showing an enamelled gold monogram (E.R. for *Enricus Rex*) which the painter designed for the king. One 16th-century fashion we may be glad has not been revived was for miniature "tooth and ear picks" in gold. An Elizabethan example is in the shape of a miniature pistol, the barrel of which releases the "picks" when required. Miniature toothpicks of gold, and sometimes even gem-set, are still made in Britain—but mainly for export to Latin American countries.

In the 19th century small trinkets and charms were still popular, but the charm bracelet as we know it today was hardly seen. The Victorian woman suspended small decorative objects such as charms from her chatelaine—an ornamental chain hung from the girdle. Unlike the modern bracelet, though, the chatelaine was not purely decorative—it fulfilled a purpose in that keys, seals, small household notebooks and pencils were also attached to it. Vinaigrettes (small boxes of gold or silver holding a tiny sponge soaked in aromatic vinegar) were hung from the chatelaine, and used in place of a smelling bottle. Some vinaigrettes are still made for modern charm bracelets as well as small *cachou* (pill) boxes.

Luckily for her the modern woman no longer needs to carry from her wrist the pomander of the 16th century—a perforated box full of musk, ambergris and perfumes—with the aid of which she was able to pass through the unwashed crowds or the ill-drained streets without too much inconvenience.

The modern charm bracelet began to come into vogue in the late 1920s and early 1930s. It

went with the sleeveless dresses and bare arms of the emancipated woman. A gold charm bracelet is still seen to its best advantage on a deeply-tanned wrist—which is one reason why gold jewellery of this type is so popular in Italy.

Charms need not necessarily be of gold (some women like them of platinum or palladium—the two white precious metals) but, from the craftsman's point of view, gold is the ideal metal for this intricate small work. Furthermore, gold need not necessarily be of the plain yellow most people associate with it. By an admixture of a small percentage of other metals, gold can be made to change its colour. Modern charms for bracelets can be made in red, yellow, white, green, pink and blue shades of gold. A minute flower can have its leaves and stem in green gold, its petals in yellow and its centre in red.

Collectors of charms for bracelets vary greatly in their tastes. A friend of mine gives his wife a new charm for every year of

[Continued on page 53]

THE WIDE RANGE of design in charms is shown by these pictures. Modern trend is towards larger charms, as illustrated by the bird on the nest and the Cupid in circle (both actual size). Sometimes the gold is enamelled in bright colours, as on the circus roundabout (top). Foreign visitors snap up the London souvenirs like Tower Bridge





THE WINE OF

*The well-known radio
and TV personality
recalls a
never-before-told
memoir of his
days as a war
correspondent*

NO ONE SINGS the praises of the 1944 Burgundy. It is a poor little orphan vintage. The mysterious experts who put our wines through their Common Entrance examination and embody their findings in those pocket-sized charts that business-men consult furtively in expensive restaurants, accord it the minimum of marks—or even the insult of a completely blank space. I count myself its only friend.

I admit that there's little of it—and that even that little is too much! It can taste like vinegar with social aspirations. But if ever I come across a lone, wandering bottle I always give it a comfortable home in my cellar. The reason? It was the only vintage which I've previewed from the turret of a tank!

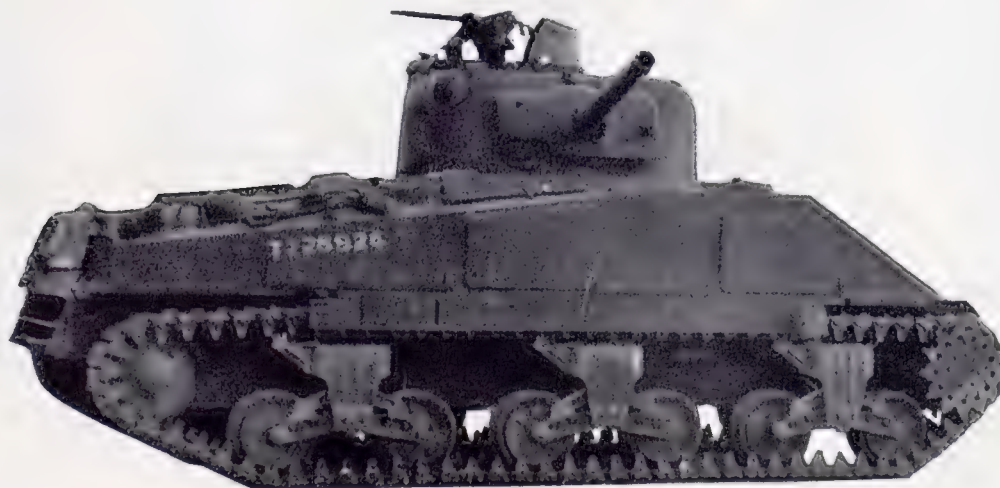
Nineteen forty-four was the year of the great assault in Normandy, but from the oenological point of view, the critical battles were far to the south. Military strategists may pontificate until they are blue about the wisdom of *Operation Anvil*, our landing on the Riviera in August, 1944, but wine-lovers will see the point of it at once. The combined Franco-American forces swept up the Rhône valley and brought the blessings of freedom to such strongpoints of enemy resistance as Châteauneuf du Pape, Tavel, Maçon and the Beaujolais! I was the fortunate war correspondent who covered this delirious, vinous

Liberation. I raced from cellar to cellar. The popping of corks drowned the rattle of machine-guns and my ears were deafened by the cheering of the crowds mingled with the happy, welcoming cries of the wine negociants . . . “*Et le vin d'Algérie? Ça recommencera immédiatement?*”

The Americans, as became an army of Bourbon-lovers, swept up the right side of the Rhone where the vinous great names are few. The French tackled the left bank, and north of Lyons their headlong advance began to slow down. The keen and efficient American officer, who used to “put me in the picture” at U.S. Headquarters, was frankly puzzled. “Can’t see what difficulties lie ahead of them. I’d like your opinion if you go over.”

When I reached French H.Q., however, the difficulties immediately became crystal clear. The French army had reached the edge of the Côte d’Or. The choicest vineyards of Burgundy were in the direct path of their advance. What if the Germans chose to fight a serious rearguard action across Corton Charlemagne and through the Clos du Roi!

General Monsabert, that fine soldier and lover of good wine, was—very properly—seriously disturbed. He discussed the position with me in front of the Operations map, which was naturally superimposed on



THE UBIQUITOUS SHERMAN, mainstay of Allied armour in most theatres of war, including the advance up the Rhône

by Wynford Vaughan-Thomas

LIBERATION

the appropriate plan from the Larmat *Atlas de la France Vénicole*.

"You see my problem. The Route Nationale runs straight up to Dijon and it separates the sheep from the goats. To the right, on the low ground, are the lesser vineyards. To the left, on the slope—which is ideal for defence—are the great Clos. . . . And in matters of wine," said the General reflectively, "regard me as a Man of the Left."

A young adjutant entered hurriedly, saluted and handed the General an intelligence report. Monsabert's face lit up. "At last, I have found the enemy's weak point. All his defences are on the vines of inferior quality. *J'attaque!*"

The General handled his armour like a corkscrew, and we went through the bottleneck of the German rearguard at high speed. In a matter of days, Burgundy was ours—with the minimum of damage and the maximum of pleasure. I immediately presented myself again at French Army H.Q. to discuss the tactics which had saved this most important part of the great heritage of France.

Now, by 1944, I had become a connoisseur of army briefings. They varied from nation to nation as widely as the national drinks! American army briefings had the flavour of a perfectly mixed cocktail with a kick in it. Said one American briefier to me in Italy: "We're raring to go! General Mark Clark's got 57 different plans and he's going to use every one of them!" "Will this solve your problems?" I inquired anxiously. "Sir," came the reply. "We don't solve our problems. We overwhelm them!"

The British briefing had the hesitant yet subtle flavour of an aged vintage port. "Well, gentlemen," the British colonel would say, "Just to put you in the picture . . . our tins have been hacking along with their swedes out of the lid, so they've got a bloody nose. Now the question is, shall we thicken up the party, do an Oscar or tie the whole thing up on the Old Boy net?" "Tell me, sir," said a puzzled American correspondent. "Are we advancing or are we retreating?"

The French briefing after the capture of the Côte d'Or suffered from none of this ambiguity. It was concise and Napoleonic. It had the confident splendour of a great bottle of La Tâche! "Let me tell you about

the battle. *D'abord, c'était l'optimisme matinal. . . . First, it was the morning optimism! Puis, c'était le pessimisme vespéral. . . . then came the pessimism of evening. Puis. . . we consulted our reports. Et . . . Pouf! C'était la Victoire!*"

And what a victory! How well I remember riding in a tank into Mersault. "You are free," I shouted. "*A la cave!*", they replied. Old bottles, cunningly hidden from the Germans, were decanted in our honour. For days I tasted wines far beyond my means and my deserts, until at last the gallant French liaison officer, who accompanied me, acted as my conscience. "Our brave American allies . . . they have a hard fight in the Jura . . . we must send them something to encourage them!" And the willing wine merchants of the Côte sent me back to the American army with a jeep-load of some of the greatest treasures of Burgundy. What followed was a tragedy of international misunderstanding. The Americans, warm-hearted and generous as always, immediately invited the French to Besançon to share in this noble gift.

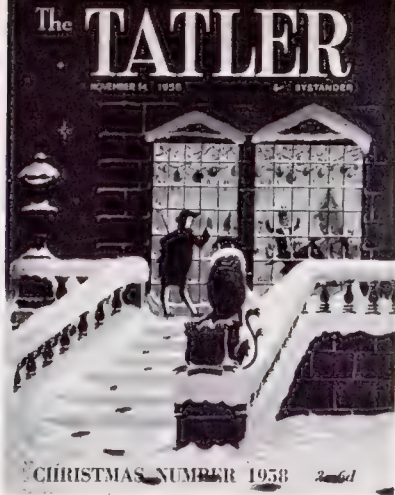
The party was held in one of those graceful seventeenth-century houses that are the pride of the capital of the Jura. The "snowdrops" saluted. The Spahis flashed their swords. The wines were brought in—but served as an apéritif, all bubbling hot! The Americans had taken our advice to serve them at room temperature, but we had forgotten that they were used to central heating!

"To our allies," said our American host, and he poured out a glass of a splendid Grand Echezeaux for my French colonel. "You're in luck," he whispered. "The Doc's hotted this up with some medical alcohol!"

A crisis had arrived in Franco-American relations. But the colonel felt that the honour of France was in his hands. He took the fatal hemlock, smiled—and drained it every drop! But as he did so he murmured quietly to me: "Ah, Liberation! Liberation! What crimes have been committed in thy name!"

THE LINE OF ADVANCE—and the disposition of the vinefields. Drawn by Don Pottinger, Herald Painter Extraordinary to the Court of the Lord Lyon King of Arms





The little man in this picture
has a birthday to celebrate

250 YEARS SINCE THE FIRST TATLER

by MICHAEL HARRISON

STRICTLY the word is *Tattler*. But TATLER was how Captain (afterwards Sir) Richard Steele spelt it, and so famous did he make the word that the antique eighteenth-century spelling has become too honoured to be changed with the changing fashions in spelling which have affected our language during the past 250 years. But, though we spell the word today with a double-T, the sense remains the same as when the kindly-cynical Captain Steele, looking about for an eye-catching title, called his magazine, *The Tatler*—"in honour," he said, "of the fair sex." The first number of the original journal called *The Tatler* consisted in a single folio sheet, printed on both sides, and unprovided with any sort of cover—or illustration. But it was well-printed—and better written. At first, it was issued three times weekly, and the first four numbers were given away. In No. 4, Steele—hiding his identity under the pseudonym of 'Isaac Bickerstaff,' explained that he would not be able to continue the *gratis* system, and that thereafter the price of *The Tatler* would be one penny.

The decision to make a charge for the magazine did not affect the sales, though it is significant that advertisements—I shall consider some of them later—begin to appear with the fourth (charged-for) number;

so that the publisher, John Morphew—"near Stationers'-hall"—anticipated the modern practice of off-setting production costs by advertisement revenue.

There is still mystery about the origin of *The Tatler*, for Steele was at the time in financial difficulties, and his best prospect of being rescued lay in pleasing his Governmental patrons: something that, editorially, he was setting out not to do.

Right from the beginning, Steele (as "Bickerstaff") took the reader into his confidence: which gave, and still gives, *The Tatler* of 1708 onwards its principal charm.

The first numbers were written in his house at Bury Street, described by Steele, before those days of compulsory house-numbering, as "third door, right hand, turning out of Jermyn Street." But to appreciate the true quality of the urbane good humour that informs every word of Steele's writing, it is necessary to realize that, as he was planning *The Tatler* at Bury Street, his wife was expecting a child, he had just lost a £100-a-year post as Gentleman-waiter, through the death of Prince George of Denmark (Queen Anne's husband), and—more distracting still—the bailiffs were "in possession" at Bury Street, put there by the landlord to get arrears of rent.

For Steele was always in debt: "in peril

of a thousand jails," to use the somewhat exaggerated phrase of a fellow-Irishman—who was also Steele's good friend: Dean Swift. It was as well that Steele possessed the traditionally optimistic temperament of the Irishman: few magazines can have been produced in less encouraging circumstances.

Around the corner, at 38 St. James's Street, was White's Chocolate-house. (The Club, which developed from the Chocolate-house, did not move to its present premises until 1755, after a fire had destroyed the original building.) Haunt of the gayer nobility and the more respectable wits, White's served Steele as inspiration, dining-room and editorial office. (One imagines that the absence of bailiffs would have recommended it, in any case.)

He makes this clear in the Editorial preface to the first number:

... All accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure and Entertainment, shall be under the Article of White's Chocolate-house; Poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house; Learning, under the title of Graecian; Foreign and Domestick News, you will have from St. James's Coffee-house; and what else I shall on my other Subjects offer, shall be dated from my Apartment.

There was not much "poetry"; rather less "learning"—and only a sprinkling of "foreign and domestick news." Evidently, as "gallantry, pleasure and entertainment" accounted for most of the "copy," most of the writing was, presumably, "under the Article of White's Chocolate-house."

The Grecian Coffee-house, from which "learning" was dated, was situate in Devereux-court, Strand—just the second turning on the right (going east) from the present TATLER offices, at the corner of Milford Lane.

Steele was an Irishman of good family, who had lost his parents when a child, and had been brought up by an uncle who was private-secretary to James Butler, 1st Duke of Ormonde. This powerful "background" was to serve young Steele well in an age in which patronage counted for more than talent—though Steele had his share of that, too.

Through the influence of Ormonde, Steele



EDITOR...

CONTRIBUTOR...

RENDEZVOUS



got a nomination to Charterhouse, of which ancient school Ormonde was a governor. Afterwards, at Magdalen, Steele met, and became an intimate friend of, Addison, who wrote liberally (though anonymously) for *The Tatler*. For reasons obscure, Steele came down from Oxford without having taken his degree and enlisted as a gentleman-volunteer in the 2nd troop of Life Guards, then commanded by the 2nd Duke of Ormonde.

Steele blamed this step for his having lost "the succession to a very good estate in the county of Wexford, in Ireland"—but how, we are not told.

By 1700—at the age of 28—Steele had not only become "Captain" Steele (and the redoubtable victor in a duel with a notorious bully, Captain Kelly), but a friend of the most famous wits of the day: Sedley, Congreve, Vanbrugh and others. In 1701, Steele's first play, *The Funeral, or Grief A-la-mode*, was produced at Drury Lane.

By 1702, we find him serving as a Captain in Lord Lucan's newly-formed regiment of foot; and six years later—the year of *The Tatler*—another Steele play was produced at Drury Lane: *The Lying Lover, or The Ladies' Friendship*.

It ran for only six nights: "damned for its piety," said Steele, pithily and inaccurately.

In 1705 he married for the first time, his wife dying 18 months later. It was on her death that Steele was appointed Gentleman-waiter to Prince George, and a few months later he was appointed Government "gazeteer," by Harley, the Prime Minister, at a salary of £300 a year (tax: £45). "The writer of the 'Gazette,' Hearn noted, 'now is Captain Steele, who is the author of several romantic things, and is accounted an ingenious man.'"

He lost and gained and lost again before, on the accession of George I, his troubles came to an end. (Steele had supported George I's cause and for warmly defending him he had been charged with "seditious libels" and expelled from the House of Commons.) Wealth and position were his

Richard Steele (left) wrote under the name Isaac Bickerstaff in the magazine he founded and edited. At Oxford, he had met Addison (right) who became his best friend and leading contributor to The TATLER, writing anonymously. It was in the Grecian Coffee House (below), not far from the offices of the present TATLER, that Steele used to write some of his articles—the section he called "accounts of learning"



[Continued on page 58]



They're making a comeback in the contemporary home

STUFFED BIRDS

—not for the Christmas table, but the Victorian kind!



Mrs. Kenneth Edwards (*top*) at her Portobello market stand with some of the antiques she sells. *Below*: At home with her daughter Elizabeth, who helps Mrs. Edwards in the business

THEY are the essence of Victoriana: the bird of paradise... the kingfisher... sulphur-crested cockatoos... humming birds... toucans... doves... sea birds, all elegantly perching in realistic surroundings, their rich colours glowing exotically under glass domes. Now they are returning to favour via the shop-window designers of Paris.

Two years ago, a Frenchwoman was enchanted by a display of these stuffed birds under their glass domes in the Portobello market. She started buying them to use in her window designs in Paris. Soon inquiries came from other Paris firms, from the United States and from South America. Alas, no valuable dollars from the North Americas could be earned as regulations forbid the importation of tropical birds (no matter how well stuffed and how dead and old) as they might bring psittacosis into the country. However, South America has no such inhibitions, and a steady flock of stuffed birds is crossing the Atlantic.

Not that the export of the birds into France is easy. The high freight charges were an obstacle until ingenuity found a way. Mrs. Kenneth Edwards, who specializes in these stuffed birds in the Portobello market, has to spend many hours dismantling her treasures—delicately removing birds from their boughs by unwinding yards of wire, then separately packing and dispatching birds, stands, and glass domes for reassembly when they reach their destination.

Mrs. Edwards got into the business through helping in a local antique shop. Before long she found herself managing the business. Then she ran her own shop and, when the lease ran out, she bought space in the market that has become a thriving centre for antiques since the war. Her daughter Elizabeth, 18½, now helps her. Her son, 16, is at Shrewsbury and her husband is in the Air Ministry.

British designers and interior decorators are now recognizing the potential of Victorian stuffed birds. I've been told of a white-and-gold bedroom in which two large snow-white birds are fixed to the wall high above the white-and-gold bed, with folds of white drapes cascading from their beaks behind the bed-head.

The trend seems to be to remove the glass. One effect is to stand unglassed birds on wall brackets and illuminate them subtly from behind. Or groups of small perching birds on twigs can be fixed to flat circular bases, covered with glass hemispheres, and nailed to a wall like pictures. Coloured ribbons hang from these, supporting more birds, swinging and dangling.

So if you want to be in the fashion try having a look in your box-room. One word of warning: If the feathers look faded or soiled, be careful how you clean them. Even Mrs. Edwards has not yet found a foolproof way of doing it. You may just have to put up with colours that have lost their original brightness.

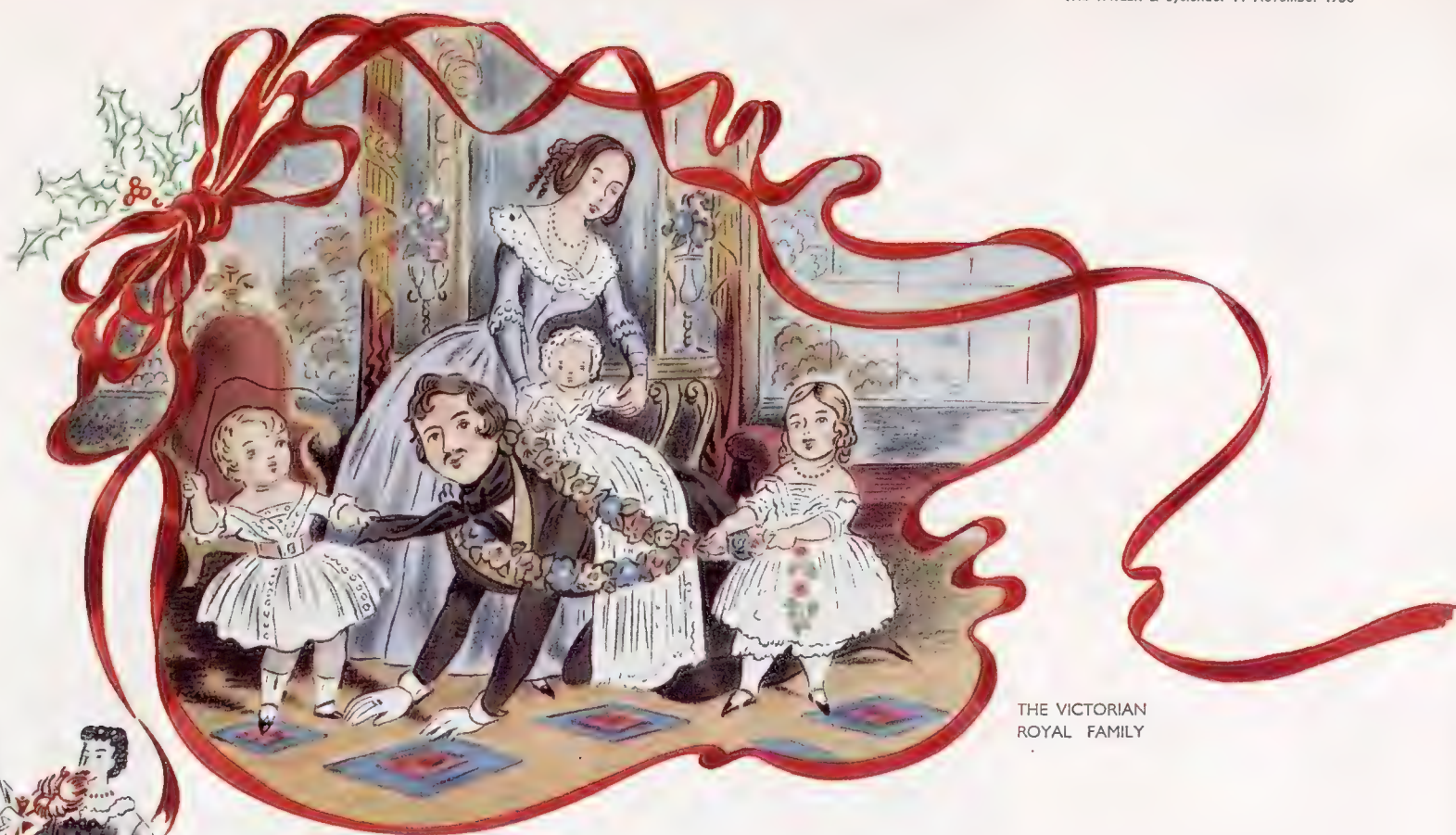
Pictures and photographs by URSULA POWYS

VIVID PLUMAGE blends with the bright colours of contemporary decor. The modern trend is to discard the Victorian glass cover and to perch the birds on twigs bracketed to the wall



ELABORATE MOUNTINGS were popular with the Victorians, and though these jar with modern ideas they do offer opportunities for picking up tones in the colour scheme of a room



THE VICTORIAN
ROYAL FAMILY

Fashion the day before yesterday

*A colourful
costume
exhibition
described and
illustrated by
ELIZABETH
WALL*

IT HAS BEEN a wonderful year for talking about clothes. Always quick to react to the world outside its own, fashion seems to have absorbed a lot of the spirit of our other preoccupations. The basic shapes, for instance, have reflected this age of streamlined missiles and jets. Fashion in the round, the oval, the cubic and triangular has made its bow, with the balloon, barrel, tulip, sheath, trapeze and even lampshade. Colours seem to have borrowed

their brightness from the technologists' world. Fabrics, now resistant to the onslaught of almost every hazard, are genuinely in debt to the same source. They emerge triumphant from all attacks by water, if not fire. To make the mixture still more extraordinary, there is also the "baby doll" trend—the "20th century vamp"—and the return of the words Empire, Directoire and Regency to describe trends.

With what seems like a com-



1882



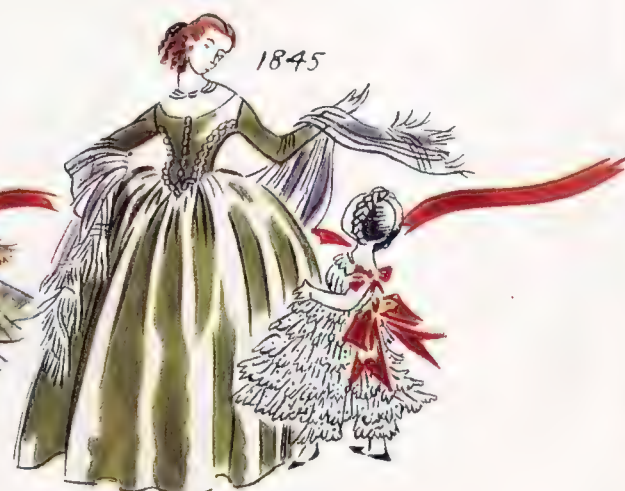
1862



Dolls

1863

1730



1845

bination of second sight, pre-meditated artfulness and wonderful timing, the Victoria & Albert Museum has this year reopened its lovely Costume Court. It would be justified if it did so with an enormous wink, for its current collection, with anticipatory genius, appears to have gathered up all the contemporary trends and combined them with a graceful wit of a forgotten brand; yet it manages to challenge us on the ground of something also a bit forgotten—pretty femininity.

It is by no means all flounces and furbelows. Grouped chronologically in four large wall-cases, there is evidence of every kind of sartorial somersault during the periods covered. The dresses speak for themselves in accents as sure as those of 1958, and as surely repudiate their immediate predecessors.

The costumes cover the early Georgian period (about 1730-60), the later Georgian period (about 1760-90), the Regency period (about 1790-1837), and the Victorian period (about 1837-1900). And the room is made doubly interesting by the inclusion of dolls, toys and furniture of the appropriate periods.

Taking a long step backwards to 1730, in fact, the somewhat severe outlines of the earlier part of the century can be seen giving way to an increased desire for flounces and ribbons. The simple flowing lines of the early dresses were wonderfully set off by the rich silks of both Spitalfields and Lyons. There was continuous influence from France, and the continuous, seemingly timeless, complaint against such influence. To do ourselves justice, there were similar complaints against us in France. We are credited for instance with "la redingote, vêtements importés d'Angleterre"—to say nothing of the hoop petticoat.

From 1760 an outburst of unbelievable luxury was a feature of the first 30 years of the reign of George III. Beauty-culture promotion went to fantastic lengths for effect. By far the most important location of sex appeal (throughout the century in fact) was the bosom. Mechanical aids, comically known as "bosom friends", were forerunners of the false, and the low neckline of the 1750s would be to us, and was, sensational. Poetry of the period described in detail and with pleasure, the exposure of the breasts—along with moralizing comment elsewhere. Paint, patches and powder, eyebrows, plucked, or added to with strips of mouse

skin, masses of false hair mingled with lard and whiting and piled high—usually for a month or two. Melancholy reports of mice entering these structures during the night inspired an enterprising Bond Street jeweller to invent, with the greatest success, "nightcaps" of silver wire so strong that no mouse "or even rat" could gnaw through them.

Until the end of the century the woman's shape was disguised by the false rump and false bosom. Then came the final change of the century; the fashion for clinging, cotton dresses worn with the minimum of underwear. This was a startling change indeed, but still with trace of the earlier illusion, for *The Times* remarked acidly: "The fashion of false bosoms has at least this utility, that it compels our fashionable fair to wear—something."

There is little change in the dress of either men or women in the first part of the 19th century. Skirts, from being tubular, became bell-shaped, with the waist first remaining high and then dropping to normal. There was also the inevitable tendency for the waist to then become tighter, and smaller and smaller. Sleeves ballooned, skirts (with many petticoats) contributed to the illusion, and stays came in, to persist for a century. Muslin continued to be enormously popular even for winter wear, and bombazine was considered elegant. The pelisse had its fashionable day, and ankle boots appeared—almost heelless, pointed and often laced behind. Net also appeared, and the name "patent net" was proof of its novelty. Drawers were the rage—long, tight-fitting and lace-trimmed for mama, for little girls' most elaborate and protruding inches below the skirts.

There was reluctance, almost unbelievable to the modern eye, to completely uncover the head at any time. Starting the day with an elaborate lace cap, women finished by wearing enormous hats with plumes for the dinner party. In the 40s the poke bonnet was almost universal wear; and, replacing the long-beloved cap, the "arcade" appeared—a contraption of wires forming a frame around which lace, ribbons and rosebuds were twined.

There was a remarkable absence of jewelry for evening wear in the 50s, neck and shoulders emerging unadorned with seductive effect from the elaborate ball gown. A little later the Spanish tastes of the Empress Eugénie made their mark with an increasing demand

[continued on p. 56]



Give me the old,

old children's books

THESE I REMEMBER . . .

THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY by Mrs.
Sherwood

THE PIED PIPER by Robert Browning,
illustrated by Kate Greenaway

MARIGOLD GARDEN, UNDER THE
WINDOW, and BIRTHDAY BOOK,
all by Kate Greenaway

CUCKOO CLOCK, and CARROTS, both by
Mrs. Molesworth and illustrated
by Walter Crane

AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND, THE
PRINCESS & THE GOBLIN, and THE
PRINCESS & CURDIE, all by
George MacDonald

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE, THE STORY
OF THE AMULET, and FIVE
CHILDREN & IT, all by E. Nesbit

THE COLOURED FAIRY BOOKS, by
Andrew Lang



THE BOOKS you read as a child are likely to mean something special to you for the rest of your life. I know thoroughly grown-up women who have never quite got over falling in love with the entire Doone family at once, and I myself live in a more or less constant state of anxiety due to not being able to remember the end of a story about two amiable oriental children called Li-Po and Su-Su who, I rather think, succeeded in hatching a dragon's egg and then. . . . But my copy is lost, and I have never been able to find another.

It is often for this same reason—the undying hope of filling-in a gap in the memory, recalling something which may be of great importance—that you find middle-aged characters with oddly glazed eyes and set expressions grubbing about among *All-in-this-tray*-ls. books and the miscellaneous lots in country-house sales. Often they are looking, endlessly, for a particular illustration rather than a story, since a picture will stick in your head all your life and no other Bluebeard or Little Mermaid will ever carry conviction for you. My Cinderella is Dulac's, sophisticated and enamel-skinned and only mock-grubby, in a night-garden with her pumpkin and a radiantly elegant godmother. And all my Hans Andersen heroines are Helen Stratton's, with sad, heart-shaped little faces and tousled curls, their skinny bones decorated with romantic draperies, and everything twirling and whirling with *art nouveau* lilies.

Other addicts, obsessed by the bookshelves of their childhood, travel around in ever-dwindling hope of finding even so much as an odd volume of *Little Folks*, an indescribably wonderful Victorian children's magazine. My copies were bound in dark mud-colour, and the very thought of them can reduce me to tears. Every untenanted nursery in friends' houses fills me with fresh hope of possible theft.

Victorian and Edwardian children's books are the ones I loved best—and still do, for you can reread them for ever. To my great happiness wise publishers are beginning to reprint some of them. With some classic exceptions, such as the Ransome books and Ardizzone's *Little Tim* series, eminently Victorian in its matching verve of line and text, few modern children's books will stand up to those written during this golden period.

Earliest in date is *The Fairchild Family*, published in 1818 and written by the formidable Mrs. Sherwood "to show the Importance and Effects of a Religious Education." This it does to a stunning degree, and the Fairchild children are for ever sitting in churchyards glumly contemplating the terrors of hell, or being horribly rebuked for stealing the bottled

damsons. The immortal Miss Augusta Noble, their disgustingly rich chum who wears grand clothes and invites them to posh parties, actually gets burnt to death on account of disobedience. Mr. Fairchild is always at hand to point the moral and remind his flock of their mortality. When an aged gardener dies, Father comes up with a timely suggestion: "Have you any desire to see the corpse, my dears? You never saw a corpse, I think?" In spite of his gloomy warning that "a corpse is an awful sight," the little ones are of course all agog. And in spite of this melancholy and incessant sound of celestial harps, *The Fairchild Family* is a superb family story, though an abridged version gives you a perfectly adequate idea of the author's ferocious appeal without actually stunning you into a coma of depression.

Walter Crane, Randolph Caldecott and Kate Greenaway have never been surpassed as illustrators of books for children, and many of their books are, happily, still in print. I can admire Caldecott's jollity, gusto and extrovert energy, the reality of his scenes and his people, but I have a sentimental doting preference for Crane's marvellous decoration in the children's song-books, his great big girls with Grecian profiles tripping about the countryside, their boneless limbs muffled in the prettiest draperies. You might be lucky enough to pick up a copy of his singly-printed editions of fairy-stories—my favourite was the dazzling and fearfully dramatic *Yellow Dwarf*—but as far as I know these are no longer in print.

You can buy Kate Greenaway's *Pied Piper*, *Marigold Garden*, *Under the Window* and *Birthday Book*. Though to me her own verses are mostly weirdly bad, her pictures—a romantic recreation of some idealized 18th-century child-world—are irresistibly touching and tender. Those high-waisted little girls with pointed feet and gigantic straw hats and floppy mob-caps sitting at prim tea-parties; those little boys in smocks; those fat babies dancing about with garlands of roses; the hay-making; the spring-time villages. I suspect that adults like all these better than children (since children rarely take a romantic view of themselves, preferring a practical, bread-and-butter approach to life) but of their kind they have no peer. This world has a climate of its own, you can walk about on the grass and smell the blossom. It's the quintessence of charm, but it has real innocence and freshness as well.

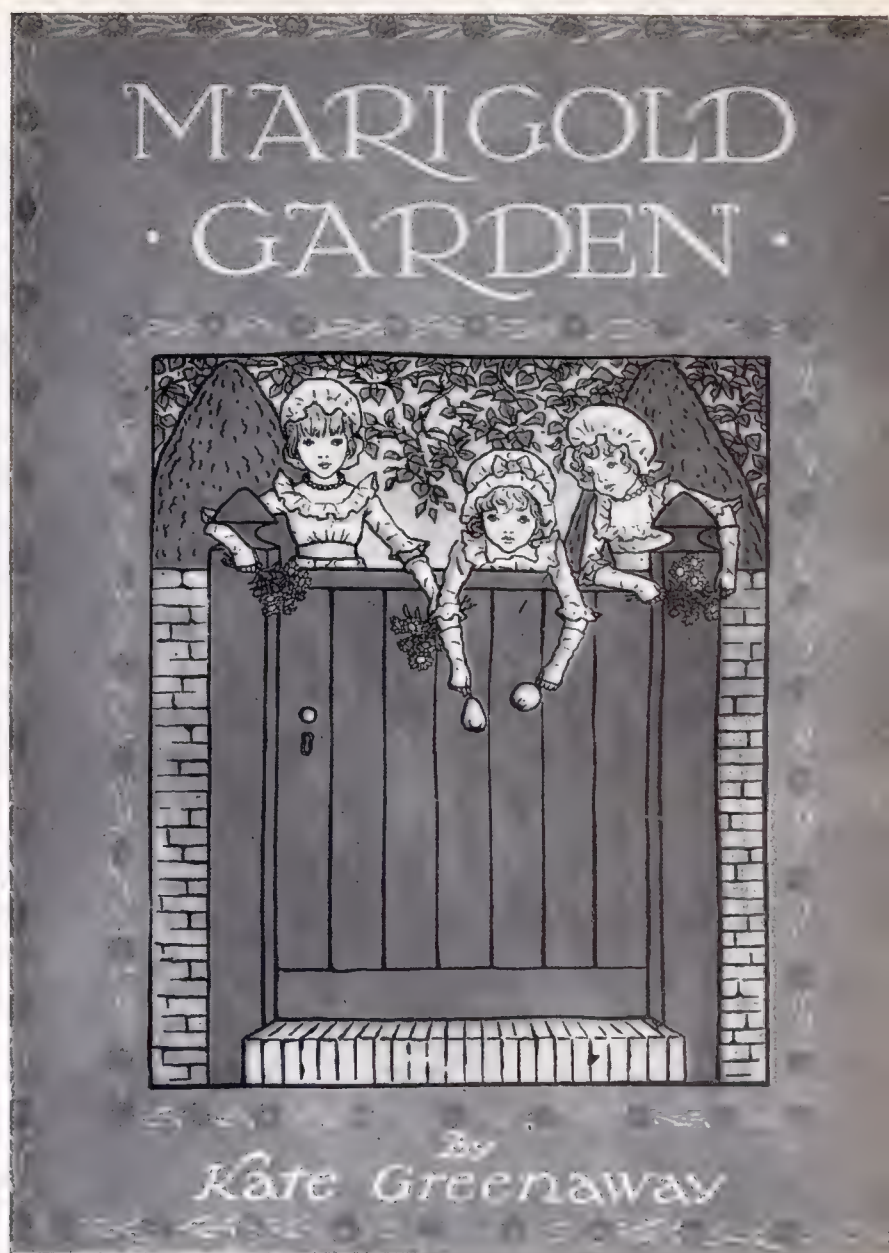
Anyone who does not already know Mrs. Ewing's brief, beautifully written and blindly sad—but not, I think, sentimental—*Jackanapes* and *Daddy Darwin's Dovecot*

[Continued on page 50]

says SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

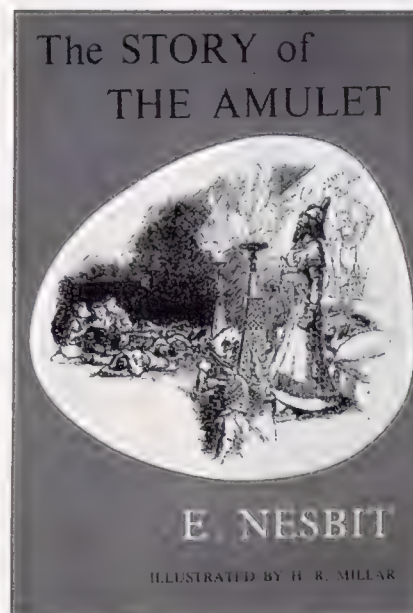


Mrs. Molesworth wrote stories of family life, "often splendidly soppy." They are now being reprinted with the original drawing by Walter Crane (covers above)



Kate Greenaway's pictures recreate "some idealized child-world of the 18th century—they are irresistibly touching and tender"

E. Nesbit children are "like children now—they get bored on holidays and find themselves amazing adventures." Nine Nesbit books are still in print, some with the original illustrations





Beef in smitane sauce
Count Stroganoff



Fruit with rice—and kidney-bean soup
The Prince de Condé

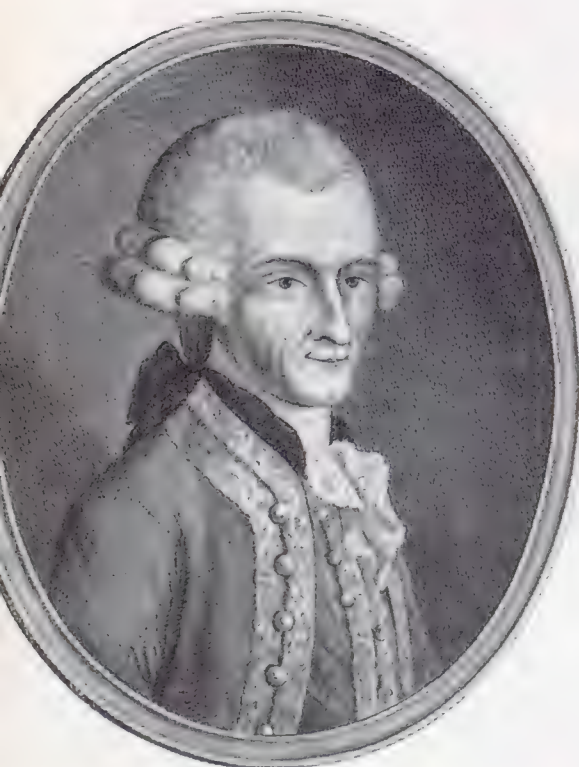


Cauliflower garnish
Madame Dubarry

HISTORY ON THE MENU

by Hilary Pope

Bread-and-butter plus
The 4th Earl of Sandwich



IF YOUR NAME depended for survival on being attached to a dish, would you choose to be savoury or sweet? Many of the classic dishes are remarkably inconsequent as to suitability—why should Madame Dubarry ever have been associated with a cauliflower? And Condé, that military, outdoor type, is commemorated (though he has also got a soup and an egg dish—with haricot beans for the simple life) chiefly by a combination of fruit and creamed rice that sounds so glamorous and smacks so disappointingly of the nursery.

Then there is the elegant-sounding name that enhances something homely, such as Parmentier. He introduced large-scale potato cultivation to impoverished, pre-Revolutionary France after a potato diet had saved his life while he was a prisoner in Prussia. He even went so far as to present a bouquet of potato flowers to Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette wore some in her hair. Or the association of the name and the dish can be as curious as Véronique, which I used to think was something to do with the operetta. In fact the Véronique garnish of peeled green grapes is for Saint Veronica, who used her handkerchief to wipe Jesus' face on the way to Calvary—it commemorates the holy tears.

Sometimes, of course, the association is as straightforward as Rossini. The Italian composer liked rich, lavish food and had many friends among the chefs and hôteliers throughout Europe. His *tournedos* is often interpreted as steak with *foie gras*, but the Italian version uses asparagus tips, grilled

tomatoes (surely the tomato should be the Italian national emblem?) and white Italian truffles. Châteaubriand, now the generally accepted name for a double fillet steak, was started in honour of the 19th-century French author, who was a great gourmet. His family seem to have been steak-minded, because a century before his time the family's chef, Montmirail, had the idea of making a pocket in a thick steak and stuffing this with a mixture of beef marrow and chopped shallots.

Britons haven't been commemorated by many dishes, if one excepts the madly gaming Earl of Sandwich and Sally Lunn, the bun-selling belle of 18th-century Bath. The Australian soprano, Dame Nellie Melba, however, owes much to the chef at the Savoy Hotel being passionately fond of opera. The fact that his name was Escoffier accounts for the inspired simplicity of the two creations that bear her name.

Originally, Pêches Melba was called Pêches au Cygne and was just peaches poached in vanilla-flavoured syrup with vanilla ice-cream, placed between the wings of a swan carved in ice—an art at which Escoffier excelled. He presented this to Melba after she had triumphed as Elsa, in *Lohengrin*, at Covent Garden. The sauce of raspberry *purée* was added later. As for the toast, Escoffier wanted to call this Toast Marie, after Madame Ritz, but it was thought tactful to name it for the soprano, then staying at the Savoy and on a strict diet—the recurring struggle of the singer between a need for both stamina and slenderness.



Tournedos with truffles
Gioacchino Rossini



Chicken in wine—crayfish to taste
The victor of Marengo



Ice cream and thin toast
Dame Nellie Melba

**Some of the gourmet's delight
in fine dishes comes from
remembering the people
behind the famous names**

Chefs are often the *éminences gris* that perpetuate their masters. If Bagration, the Russian general killed at Borodino, hadn't had the great Careme in his kitchen, it's unlikely that soups, a salad and at least one fish dish would bring him to mind on menus today. In June, 1800, the chef of that notoriously indiscriminating eater Napoleon, finding himself in the field and cut off from his supplies, contrived to throw together a dish of chicken cooked in white wine and brandy, with a few tomatoes, onions and wild garlic. Gourmets still debate whether the addition of crayfish—found in a stream, some say, not enough time to look, say others—is legitimate. But thus was created Chicken Marengo.

But chefs seldom put their own names to dishes. It is true that Marguéry, keeper of a famous Paris restaurant in the 19th century, and Dugléré, of the Café Anglais in the early 20th, both did so, but I wonder whether it is

significant that both these dishes are of fish? This course may just be a trifle indicative of lightness, frivolity, unimportance—as witness Walewska and Otéro—compared with the solid worth of entrées or the true glamour of puddings.

Anyway, Dugléré is far more famous for creating Pommes Anna, the sliced potato dish, and a theme for gastronomic detection might well be the tracing of who Anna was. No one can tell me, either, how Stroganoff, a Russian noble, came to be associated with the excellent *boeuf*. I shall always think of Stroganoff as the bald-headed impresario in the Brahms and Simon ballet novels—the dish is one I am sure he would have liked.

But the most provocative name on a menu is surely Crêpes Suzette. This delicious pancake doesn't seem to have been invented before the nineties, so you might think it would be easy enough to trace its origin. But among cookery writers the Suzette mystery is practically the same as the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. Some claim that Crêpes Suzette were first made by Charpentier in 1894, for the Prince of Wales, who was then staying at Monte Carlo. Suzette is variously supposed to have been the name of the young daughter of the Prince's host, whose birthday it was, or the name or stage name of a beautiful actress who was also a guest. Then there is the story of how, in 1897, a play at the Comédie Française had the character of a maid, Suzette, who at one point had to carry a dish of pancakes on to the stage. These pancakes were supplied by the Restaurant Marivaux, whose chef was Joseph. The fact that he later came to London as manager of the Savoy only confuses the whole thing with Escoffier all over again. People will be arguing about the liqueurs—curaçao or Grand Marnier—or whether there should be no liqueurs, or whether the crêpes should be made the day before or not, or whether they should be set alight, whenever these pancakes get into print.

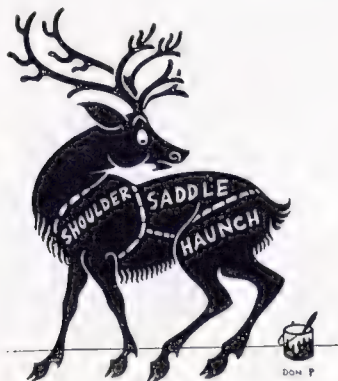
However, menu immortality is getting harder and harder to achieve. Some people might put this down to the absence of great chefs, especially in private houses, others to the fashion for slenderness plus the

lack of time for long sessions at a spa.

Dishes pay compliments still, but in rather a spurious way. The Suprêmes de Volaille Sheila which a designing host commands or a far-seeing patron parades for a special guest one night, may bow in as Suprêmes Lady Smith at next day's luncheon. The Bombe Helena at the birthday party in the dining-room reappears, topped with pineapple instead of peaches, as Coupe Madeleine at the opening night supper in the grill. None of them will endure like the unknown Jacques with his *coupe*, or the almond Congress Tart, marked with a pastry cross from its presentation to the Pope and assembled bishops at the Congress at Osnabrück and Münster in 1647, which concluded the Thirty Years' War.

As far as food goes, there's little in a name—and everything in the hand of the chef.

Steak two inches thick
Francois de Chateaubriand



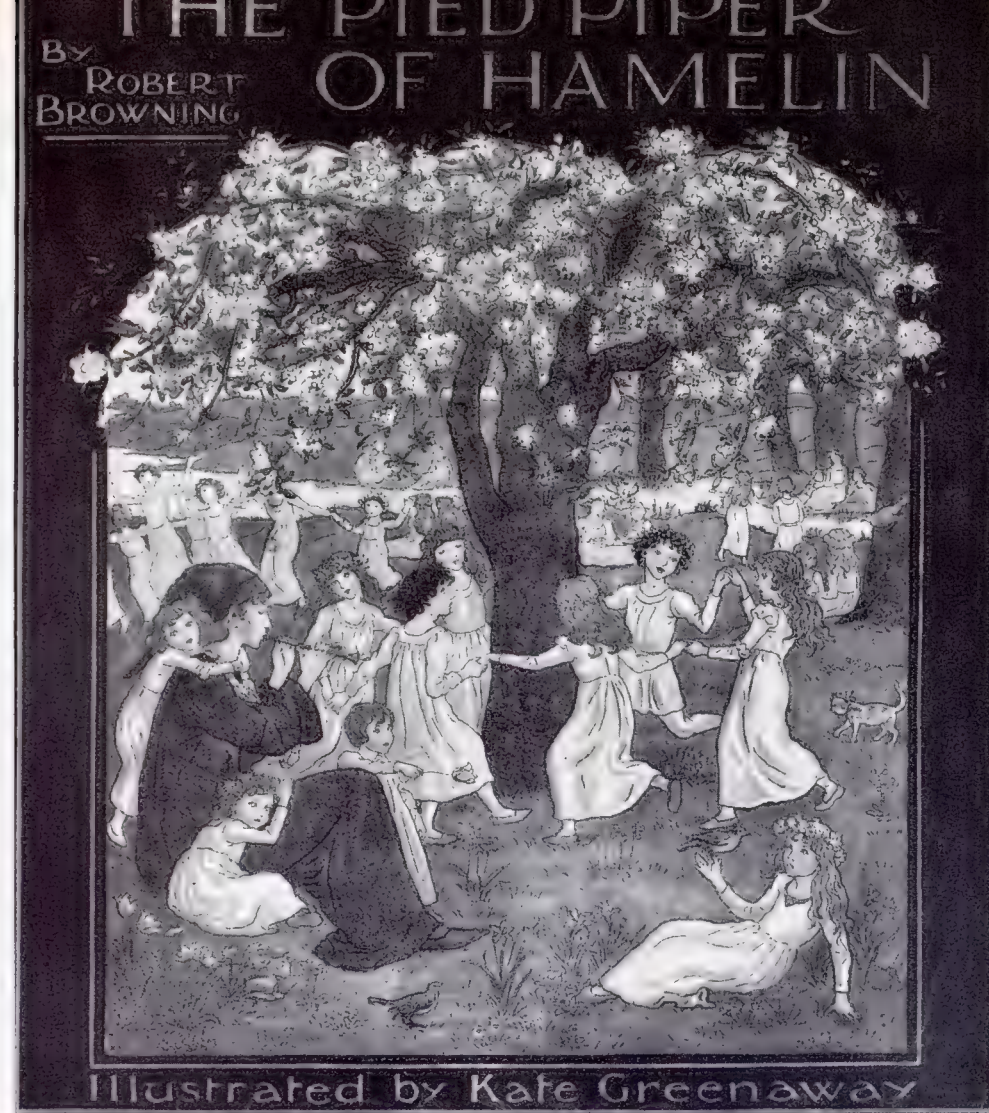
Give me the old, old children's books

Continued from page 46

must buy them immediately, for they are in print with the original Caldecott illustrations. And Mrs. Moleworth's gorgeous, often splendidly soppy stories of family life, full of orphan girls and runaways from school, are at last being reprinted—you can find the enchanting *Cuckoo Clock*, and "Carrots"—*Just a Little Boy* in a charming facsimile reprint with the original Crane drawings. But I am still waiting for my favourite, *The Carved Lions*. In Mrs. Molesworth's books children often do not feel at all well, and are given hot elderberry wine, beef-tea and cinnamon jelly for days on end ("What is the matter, my dear?" said Miss Grizzel. 'Is the jelly not to your liking?'). This can fill one with an immense sense of comfort in the midst of a world of supermarkets and can-openers. In the matter of children's books, I am a diehard reactionary.

I have the impression that since ballet and ponies swamped the market, children care rather less for collections of fairy-stories. But Andrew Lang's, old, unmatched collections *The Coloured Fairy Books*, some of which came out in the 1890s, are being reprinted, though, to my rage, with new illustrations. To me they are in no way the same books without the magic original H. J. Ford pictures—mysterious, full of detail, the princesses all with proper long unbound hair and dresses and jewels that seemed to grow on them like another skin, the monsters beaked and clawed and genuinely horrifying. What was nicest about the Ford illustrations was the way the princesses flew through the air, as they frequently did, with their beautiful feet neatly crossed and their royal robes flowing just enough, but always elegantly and fastidiously, behind them.

At the *Back of the North Wind*, George MacDonald's haunting story of the coachman's son Diamond who is visited by the North Wind, and old Diamond the cab-horse, is the strangest mixture of fantasy and realism. It was first published in 1871, and generations must have wept over Diamond's death ever since ("a lovely



figure, as white and almost as clear as alabaster"—how Victorian children *never* seemed to survive, and how heart-rending their death-beds) for the book is still going strong. *The Princess and the Goblin* and *The Princess and Curdie* are more fantastic still, full of "beautiful terrors," and though the tone of voice is not heard today except perhaps in C. S. Lewis's children's books, the imaginative power is so strong and the sense of mystery, morality, and right and wrong so intense that the books still alarm me extremely, a quarter of a century after I first read them. *The Princess and Curdie* is the strangest—the story of a miner's son who becomes a king. There is a "great old young beautiful princess" with a fire made of flaming roses (Curdie holds his hands in it, and afterwards can feel, horribly, the animal paws sometimes hidden in human hands) and a huge sad dog called Lina who goes with him on his quest. I find MacDonald strong stuff, and occasionally oddly repellent, but the books cannot be forgotten.

Far, far more amiable, and a stoutly reassuring mixture of fantasy and absolute down-to-earth realism are the best books of all, which I have kept till last. These are E. Nesbit's books, of which I mostly love *The Enchanted Castle*, *The Story of the Amulet*, and the adorable, flawless, timeless story of the Psammead, the bad-tempered wish-giving sand-fairy who dreads water, *Five Children and It*. E. Nesbit children behave exactly as real children behave. Their talk is real. Their reactions are real. They dislike being kissed and cleaned. They get bored on holidays and immediately find themselves an amazing string of adventures.

Round them circle grown-ups—cooks, house-maids, French governesses—who must be humoured (because they are kindly if unimaginative) and escaped from. Nine Nesbits are in print, and the best are the ones with the proper original illustrations, where the girls have long black stockings, leg-of-mutton sleeves to their shirts, tight belts and great big hats, and the boys wear knickerbockers and boaters. The children are like children now, but the period flavour is so marvellous that you just can't modernize the way they look without making text and illustrations conflict. The happiness, the delight of the E. Nesbit books is extraordinary—without the slightest hint of priggishness or falsification. I sometimes wonder why I don't read one of them a week as a tonic; and sometimes I do!

The splendid thing about Victorian children's books is that they were well written, and written to last, and there's no disappointment when you read them again years later because the authors never sold their readers short, nor reckoned that because their audience was young anything would get by. The stern sense of duty may be a bit heavy to carry, the agony may lie a little thick and the heart-strings quiver too vibrantly for your taste at first, until you remember how it all went and start to cry around the middle of the book in readiness for the big death-scene at the end. Weak-kneed younger readers, unused to being regularly harrowed, should break themselves in on E. Nesbit (who ties with Daisy Ashford as my favourite female author outside the canon of straight literature)—and buy the lot for Christmas.

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Fully Automatic Transmission or Overdrive, white-wall tyres and chromium rimfinishers available as extras.

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Good taste tells you—they must be kemps **WYNA**



People of good taste insist on Wyna biscuits for eating with cheese—or butter, or marmalade. They know just how delicious Wyna biscuits, baked by Kemps, are!

They insist, too, on other delicious Kemps biscuits—Devonet, Jambles, Choc-o-Lait and Empress—because they know that all the best biscuits are baked by Kemps!



A craftsman at work

THE BEST CHARMS are still handmade. These pictures show a craftsman at work making them in a small workshop in London's Hatton Garden. Around him on his bench are some of his products—midget cars, cathedrals, bells, animals, figures. He is using his hacksaw on a tiny lamp



SCARABS TO SPUTNIKS

Continued from page 37

their marriage—three children have each been celebrated by a gold cradle with the child's name engraved on it! Other women make their bracelets a record of their travels—a gold Eiffel Tower from Paris, London Bridge, a camel from Egypt, and the Empire State Building from New York. (Ann Todd has a fine collection—shown on TV—of charms connected with films she has made.) Others stick exclusively to charms with a magical significance; Sicilian charms against the evil eye, Chinese Good Luck symbols, and so on. Owners of vintage cars ask for them to be reproduced on their bracelets; a lover of old furniture has a number of miniature 18th-century chairs dangling at her wrist; another collects seals and signets; another again plumps for the essentially modern—a cocktail shaker, a television set with the screen made of a fragment of opal, and a gold sputnik.

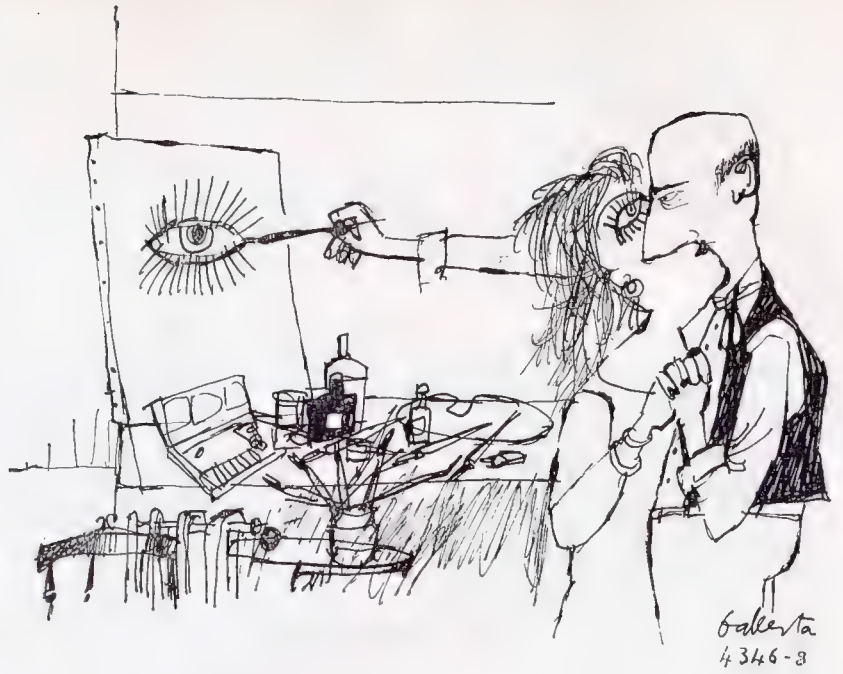
Prices of gold charms range from a few pounds to £15 each or even £20, depending on the complexity of the design and the quality of the gold. Many charms are made in 9-carat gold, some in 18, and some even in 22—which is as pure as gold can be and still remain workable. The best pieces are hand-made (sometimes to special order) by skilled craftsmen.

In the backroom of a small workshop in Hatton Garden I was recently watching a craftsman making a gold sedan-chair. I commented on the infinite precision needed in such small work, and wondered whether the owner of it would ever realize the skill that had gone into it. "This?" he said, putting down his tools and taking the glass out of his eye. "This is nothing. I once made all the working models—and perfect they had to be, too—for a flea circus! That was really fine work. . . ."

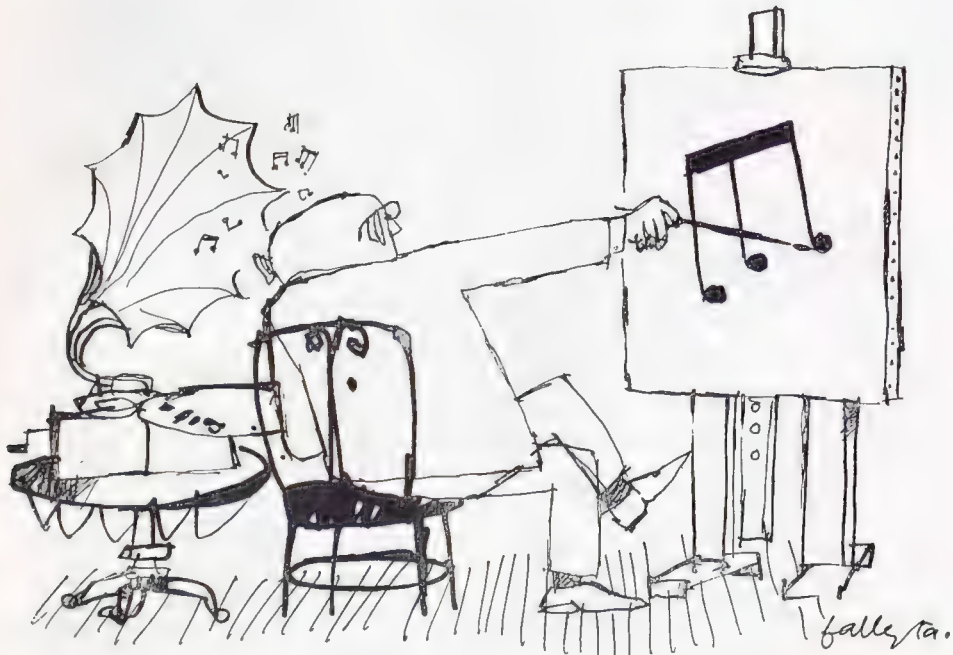
*All his own work
—from paintbox
to perambulator*



*Using a delicate
drill powered
by twisted cord*

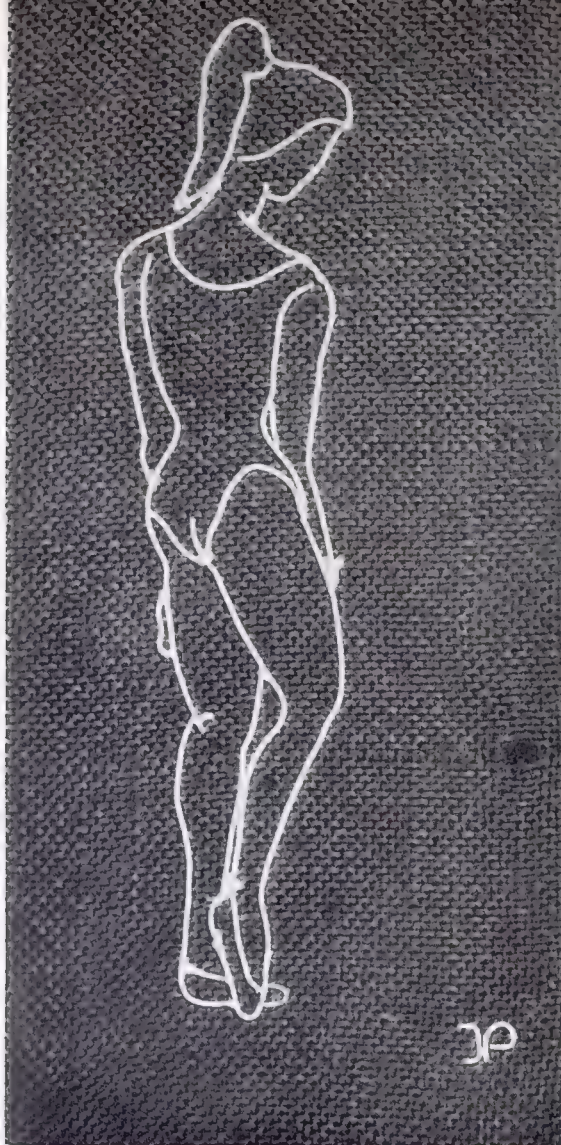


NEW HUMOUR CARTOONS BY JUAN BALLESTA

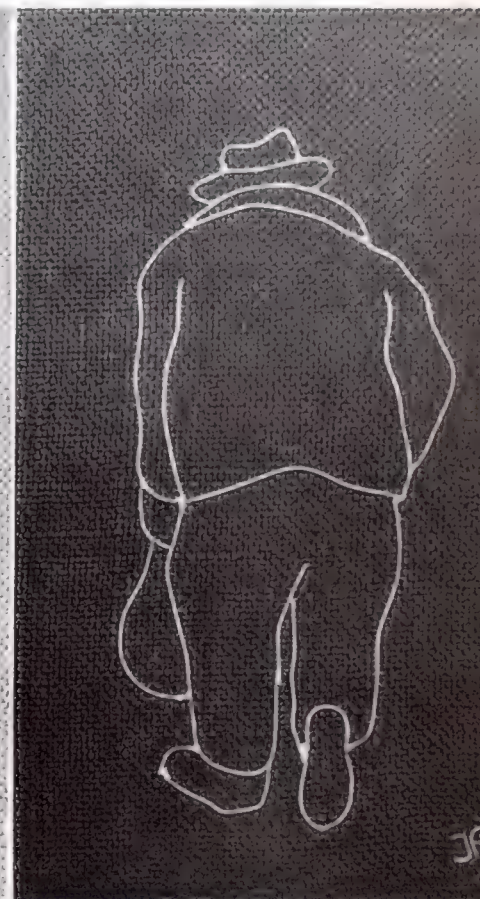
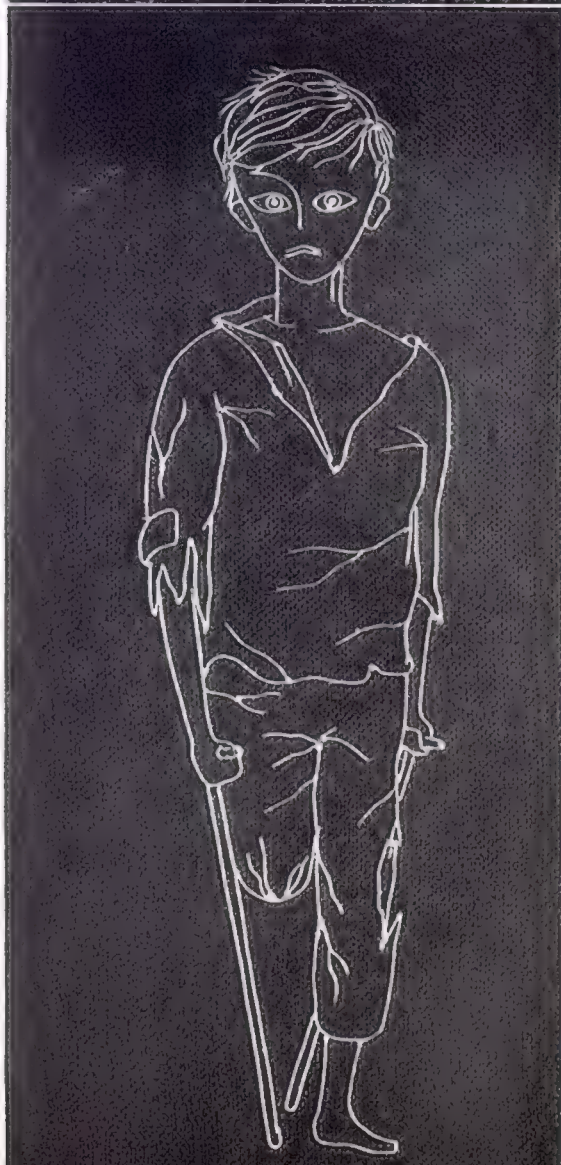


*All you need is
wire—and patience*

A NEW CRAFT FOR CONTEMPORARY DÉCOR



IVAN PESTALOZZI is a young Zurich carpenter who sketches in wire. He uses the wire like pencil lines, bends it to shape, and solders the pieces together. Painted and mounted on a coarse fabric of whatever colour suits the décor, his wire figures produce a striking modern effect. He has had a successful local exhibition





More contemporary cards for 1958—Those above, by Michael Heath and by Kris, are from the Ward Gallery. The others are sold in aid of the Save the Children Fund



Card index *Continued from page 14*

Even more disappointing is to open a card with an exciting Italian stamp on it, and find it is from the hotel in Milan where you spent one night in discomfort. "Looking forward to the pleasure of your continued patronage" says this card, forgetting, perhaps in a spirit of goodwill, the things your husband said to them about their prices, their hot-water system and their food.

Night clubs are also great ones for passing Seasonal Greetings around, though they are inclined to spoil the effect by getting over the subject of Christmas in a hurry, and concentrating in bold type on a list of their coming cabaret attractions.

My husband usually receives from his tailor, instead of a card, a copy of an American Girl Calendar, which when you come to look at it, has remarkably little to do with tailoring. Insurance companies also incline towards calendars, but naturally of a different kind. They feature a new wise thought for every day of the year. On ours (for example) for Friday December 12, we read: "Nobody grows old by living a number of years. People grow old by deserting their ideals."—SAMUEL ULLMAN. (And presumably, runs the unspoken thought, by forgetting to pay their insurance premiums.)

And then I find it embarrassing, when I have just sent off a sharp note to the laundry, to receive from them a luscious winter scene (snowy white, naturally) with "All that you wish yourself" printed alongside it. If they had stopped to think a little, they would realize that one of the things I wish myself is a laundry that charges practically nothing, does not crease my husband's collars so that I have to iron them myself, and

has never mislaid anything in its life.

There is one kind of commercial card, however, that anyone would be happy to find in their letter-box. I draw my bank manager's attention to the lovable custom of some American banks. They wish you a prosperous New Year, and add—with understanding which I have yet to find in similar circumstances over here—that they quite realize how hard the Christmas season must be on your pocket, and they would be willing, nay *happy*, to tide you over with a loan until things ease up a bit. That's what I call goodwill. All I get from my own bank round about the turn of the year is the statement of my account. Print it in jolly holly-berry red though they may, it still won't get a place on my mantelpiece.

What about those cosy, uneven cards that have been carefully made at home? I find them pleasant to receive—at least there are signs that someone has gone to a certain amount of trouble. But they do tend to look rather curious on one's mantelpiece, as their connection with Christmas is often slight.

They fall into two categories, painted and photographed. The painted ones sometimes have a hint of the season, in the shape of cherubs blowing trumpets round a Christmas tree. Trumpets are easy to draw, but cherubs' faces are not, we notice, and how much longer are those miniscule wings going to support them? Nobody who owns a dog can resist putting him on their Christmas card, especially if he is a dachshund with a long tail which can wittily slide over on to page two. What this has to do with Christmas is beyond me.

Nor, when snow-booted and chilblain-tingling, am I in the mood to appreciate photographs of the whole family, taken on a beach in June. When I am cold, I want to see pictures of other people looking colder. For this reason, one of the cards I enjoyed more than most last year showed two people having an alfresco Christmas dinner, complete with turkey, butler and mountains of snow. The temperature was probably no lower than that prevailing in most British dining-rooms, anyway.

Why then, feeling as we do, do we go on sending out mountains of Christmas cards to people who probably wouldn't notice if we didn't?

The answer is simple. If we don't send to them, they won't send to us. And a strange Christmas it would be, if we couldn't say, as every fresh mail arrives, "How nice of them to remember us!"

Fashion the day before yesterday *Continued from page 45*

for violent colour. Velvet was adored. The state visit of Queen Victoria to the Paris Exhibition of 1855 confirmed the significance of French fashions, and we are at the end now of a rage for pearls that started then. The crinoline is comparable with our own "triangle fashion" as an attempt to conceal all feminine figure.

From the crinoline to the bustle. The back of the dress remained the most elaborate part. Fashion by the 80s had considerable affinity with the looped and tasselled window curtains of the period, and colours were violent.

As for the corset of the day, designed to exaggerate preposterously, there is amusing comparison with our own foundation

garments. There is always a connection between costume and manners. A little book, *Manners of Modern Society*, vintage Victorian and elegantly bound in green and gold, speaks of the liking then for charades, *tableaux vivants*, and private theatricals: "It is pleasant to see and hear real gentlemen and ladies, who do not think it necessary to mouth and rant and stride, like too many of our stage heroes and heroines, in the characters which show off their graces and talents; and most of all, to see a fresh unrouged, unspoilt, high-bred young maiden with a lithe figure and a pleasant voice, acting in those love dramas that make us young again to look upon, when real youth and beauty will play them for us."



*Pillowcases
Sheets
Bedspreads
& Towels*

by

Horrockses

The Greatest Name in Cotton



Princess Anne (of Denmark), afterwards Queen Anne of England. When her husband (Prince George) died, Steele lost a £100-a-year post as Gentleman-waiter. This left him short of money at a time when he was planning the TATLER, and he remained in difficulty until George I succeeded

250 YEARS SINCE

THE FIRST TATLER *Continued from page 41*

to enjoy to the end of his life, and he died a J.P., an M.P., a knight, a Deputy Lieutenant, and holder of some profitable sinecures.

The Tatler ran for only two years before Steele, who had used it to attack the Government, closed it down in return for reinstatement in his sinecure as Commissioner of Stamps. During the next 20 years he was to issue, in addition to *The Spectator*, no fewer than five other magazines—all of which had the shortest possible runs, and all of which are now forgotten. His editorial masterpiece was *The Tatler*. Unsuccessful as a playwright and poet, he was a born journalist, and in *The Tatler* Steele gave the world its first modern magazine—albeit in an embryo form.

Yet not so embryo as all that. The "social chitchat" is of the type: "All hearts at present pant for two Ladies only, who have for some Time engross'd the Dominion of the Town. They are indeed both exceeding Charming. . . ." But the "foreign and domestick news" is clear, to the point, and without either padding or pretentiousness. And the advertisements anticipate modern copy-writing technique. Here is a sample:

The Most Noble Volatile Smelling-bottle
In The World

. . . at Mr. Overton's, at the Golden Buck

Picture-shop, against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet-street, at 2s. and 6d., each with printed Directions.

A certain hangover cure is "The Famous Chymical Quintessence of Bohee-tea and Cocoa-Nuts together"; and "The Incomparable Beautifying Cream for the Face, Neck and Hands" does wonders, as you may guess. "Sold only at Mr. Lawrence's Toyshop . . . at 2s. 6d. a Gally-pot with Directions."

"Killed" in 1711, *The Tatler* was revived over 40 years later by "William Bickerstaff, Esq., nephew of the late Isaac Bickerstaff"—the reality behind the pseudonym being undiscovered. Only three issues appeared: the first on December 20, 1753; the last, on January 3, 1754.

Seventy more years pass: when again *The Tatler* appears, this time as "A Daily Journal of Literature and the Stage."

The first series ran for two years—from 1830 to 1832; but a "re-jigging" of make-up and editorial failed to establish this third *Tatler* as a permanency, and the new series ceased at the 50th number.

Then, just over 60 years later, THE TATLER made its third—and final—come-back. Queen Victoria was at the end of her long reign when a magazine, brilliantly founded in the reign of Queen Anne, was successfully revived: this time to last.

*This year
I'm making
an early
start*

Continued from page 11 you two did."

Known in the family as "glamour girls," both daughters lend their lustre to nine-to-five jobs and are coming home for Christmas, motored up by "Freddy and Billy—just friends we hardly know." (Make note to provide extra oranges, also two pink sugar mice.)

"Think out better plan for welcoming waits." They invariably arrive when everyone tall enough to reach the latch is either up a ladder repairing paper chains, flat on back under the bureau repairing fuse blown by fairy lights, or soaking in a scented bath.

N.B. Shut up dogs. "Good King Wenceslaus" nor improved by aged sealyham Bessie growling and grabbing at legs of Trombone. (Trombone is still limping.)

"Take a firm line with glamour girls over clothes for Boxing Day meet." Last year I predicted that their highly-coloured and decorative appearances would get them sent home by the Master. Instead, they were instantly surrounded by every male present, with the Master himself in the foreground. Meanwhile I, eminently suitably attired in aged camel coat, headscarf and fur boots, was merely surrounded by hounds.

But this year with this early start, there's no reason why, on Christmas Eve, the cards shouldn't be posted, presents packed, provisions bought in and food prepared. No reason why the house shouldn't have been tastefully done over in silver and white instead of, as when left to the Twins, an

impenetrable holly and ivy jungle, through which the front door can only be approached by the liberal use of a hacksaw. (Must remember to forbid mistletoe bough dangling over the lintel: I don't know who it embarrasses most—myself or callers who feel "England expects. . .")

There's no reason either why the corkscrew shouldn't be to hand, the carving-knife sharpened, or why I shouldn't be sitting calm and serene, a "party dish" myself, with tidy hair in a tidy room.

There's no reason at all except that, come to think of it, it doesn't seem awfully likely.





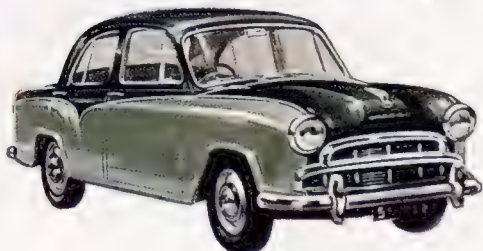
ON THE FIRST DAY
OF CHRISTMAS

Her true love gave to her:
One brand new Morris,
With o.h.v. performance,
Light, easy steering,
High m.p.g.
Fine upholstery
Nice wide seats
Extra luggage space.
Just to greet her and send her
a Happy New Year,
Just to send her a Happy New Year.

Together ...

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Fully illustrated pattern cards are available on request from the ADVERTISING MANAGER

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cocktail time . . . continued from pp. 25-7

HELEN BURKE

work. With the meats, serve a super potato salad.

Choose waxy types of potato. Barely cook them. While they are still hot, cut them directly into the dressing (1 part wine vinegar, 3 parts olive oil, with a pinch of sugar and mustard, pepper and salt to taste). The potatoes, when hot, "drink" the dressing but, when they are cold, they reject it. Add, of course, chopped parsley and onion or a little garlic juice can be added to the dressing in the first place. If liked, add also crumbled, crisply grilled, very thin rashers of bacon, or flaked or chopped roasted blanched almonds. Enhance all with diluted mayonnaise.

A Danish salad, well liked by those who go in for Continental dishes, is beetroot and pickled herring—salt pickled herring, soaked overnight in milk, skinned and boned, well washed and drained and cut into thin strips. Add the herring to diced cooked beetroot and moisten all with creamy mayonnaise.

To wind up the meal? A cheese-board with a variety of cheeses and crusty bread seems to be generally appreciated, especially if a simple red wine is served throughout the meal. But I would prefer *crème au caramel* and a fresh-fruit salad laced with brandy, rum or sherry, and half-whipped cream passed separately.

HOT MEALS AT TABLE

As we progress to more important parties for more than six people, we must plan dishes that will wait well. A single-handed hostess (and there are many, these days) will be well advised to invest in an electric plate-warmer.

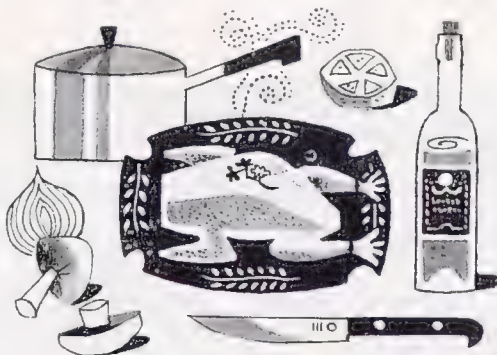
A crab, lobster or prawn cocktail is still one of the best informal-meal openers. Or a first course may be a clear soup. I would plump for beetroot consommé, which you can make from fresh meat and raw beetroot—or you can "cheat" a little and use the juice from canned whole beetroots and cans of consommé. Flavour the consommé with a slice of onion (removed before serving) and, for 8 to 10 servings, a dessert-spoon of vinegar.

One dish which will wait if necessary and which, though not unusual, is delicious, is *Veal Olives*. These are made from thin *escalopes* of veal, beaten out until much thinner. Prepare a filling of chopped bacon, cooked with a chopped small onion and a squeeze of garlic through a garlic press, and breadcrumbs. If the *escalopes* are large, allow one per person; if cut in halves, allow two. Spread a portion of the filling sparingly on each *escalope*, roll up and tie in shape. Fry the "olives" all over in butter in a frying-pan until a warm gold. Transfer to a large stewpot with a little stock.

To the frying pan, add a chopped onion, a sliced carrot, a *bouquet garni*, a little celery salt and freshly milled pepper, a pinch of nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint dry white wine and, for 10 large or 20 smaller "olives," a tablespoon of

tomato puree and plenty of stock. Boil up, stirring to get off the delicious residue from the pan, then taste and add further seasoning if required. Pour this over the "olives" to cover them completely. Put on the lid and simmer gently for $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours. Lift the "olives" on to a heated serving dish.

Thicken the sauce slightly by blending 1 teaspoon arrowroot with 1 tablespoon water (per pint of sauce). Stir this into the



boiling sauce and it will clear at once. Again taste and correct seasoning. If the sauce is not dark enough, add a drop or so of tubed caramel. Strain this sauce over the veal, cover and leave on the plate-warmer or over a low heat on the cooker until required. At the last minute, before serving, sprinkle chopped parsley over the meat.

Pilaff rice is ideal with this dish and so, of course, are green peas (quick-frozen).

A wonderfully good main dish for a party is *Hungarian goulash* and it is even better when made the day before it is required and reheated. I have already given the recipe in *The Tatler* but will gladly send it to anyone on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.

ANTONIA FRASER

present Queen Mother. The cocktail may be said to have had the final seal of respectability set upon it.

And with the cocktail, the cocktail party. "The utterly sophisticated cocktail-drinking and cigarette-smoking girl is a myth" reflected the National Council of Mental Hygiene complacently. "The majority of girls in 1934 are just as modest and anxious to do the right thing on any subject as anyone has ever been." Even a well-known Harley Street doctor, perhaps the very same who had pronounced the cocktail an abomination in 1921, opined in the thirties that one or two might be positively beneficial for the tired worker.

No longer proud of our daring, no longer flouting the conventions, we givers and receivers of cocktail parties have been increasingly forced back on the grim facts about these functions: the crowd, the noise, the discomfort, and the fact that they traditionally take place at an hour when one's vitality is at its lowest, and only the

A special hot chicken (or left-over turkey) dish is made this way: Place a large enough chicken in a stewpot with the giblets (not the liver), a *bouquet garni*, a carrot, an onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint dry white wine, and seasoning to taste. Cover well with water. Put on the lid and poach the chicken until it is tender.

Strain off the stock and make a fairly thick *velouté* sauce with it. Simmer 1 lb. chopped tomatoes in a little of the chicken fat. Add a teaspoon of paprika and sieve the mixture into the sauce. Remove the skin from the chicken (or turkey) and cut the meat into suitable pieces. Place them in an *entrée* dish. Cook up to 1 lb. sliced unpeeled white mushrooms in a little chicken fat and the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon for 1 to 2 minutes. Place the mushrooms on top of the chicken (or turkey). Cover with greaseproof paper and keep hot. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream to the sauce. Heat it and pour over the chicken.

Pineapple Yvonne is one of the best "easy" party sweets I know. Drain a large tin of the best pineapple rings and measure the juice. To each $\frac{1}{2}$ pint, allow $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. best-quality powdered gelatine. Sprinkle this on the juice and dissolve it over a low heat, never allowing the liquid to become hotter than the tip of a finger can bear. Meanwhile, cut the pineapple rings into small wedges, reserving some for final decoration. Place the remainder in a glass dish.

Beat 2 to 3 egg yolks with 2 oz. vanilla sugar (or easter sugar and a few drops of vanilla essence). Whip the egg whites stiffly. Stir the just-warm gelatine liquid into the yolks, then fold the whites into them. Turn all over the pineapple wedges in the dish. In 15 to 20 minutes, the top should be firm enough to hold the decoration of the wedges, *glacé* cherries and angelica. Pass half-whipped cream with this sweet.

thought of dinner shines like a beacon through the fog of smoke and chatter. To-day the cocktail party survives simply because it is still the cheapest accepted method of entertaining the maximum number of people.

How much pleasanter then, if we all went visiting after dinner, well fed and benign, instead of hungry and captious! The after-dinner wine party has everything to recommend for mass entertaining, and is preferable on grounds of economy alone, since wine works out a great deal cheaper than spirits. If only someone would describe wine as an invention of the devil, and denounce the after-dinner party as a corrupt practice! Then we should all be inundated with invitations to this very pleasant type of entertainment, and the cocktail party would die a natural death. What, for example, has happened to that loquacious Harley Street doctor? Let him condemn the after-dinner wine party, and we shall be free of the cocktail party for ever.

Where Christmas is always

WHITE —and it's nearer than Eskimo land ➔



Norway is the place to go if you are still dreaming of that elusive White Christmas, and the farther north you travel the more likely you are to find it. The girl at the top of the page, for example, has just come to the breathless end of her ski run at Mjølfjell; the snow-bowed trees above are in the Geilo valley. Both resorts are in easy reach of the Bergen-Oslo railroad and in both the Christmas shroud is likely to be deep and crisp and reasonably even. But what is the prospect for stay-at-home Britons? The mixture as before in all probability and the Meteorological Office is making no rash predictions. Christmas in Britain owes much to Victoriana, credit being about equally divided between Prince Albert and Charles Dickens. No official records obtain for 1843, the year of *The Christmas Carol*, but the chances are that London was foggy, muddy, wet and quite without snow. Since 1884 when records began we have endured a variety of wild Decembers, yet more often than not the snow has avoided carpeting our Christmases. Are the winters getting warmer or colder? Are the Polar ice caps melting, is the Gulf Stream giving us the go-by, did we just imagine those Yule logs and sleigh bells? Don't try to fix a pattern, the form is too variable. Just wear a smile for Christmas but take a coat as well. It could snow

*In
the
mood...*



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fragrance
she loves
to wear...



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without its disadvantages.*

- NO GREASE
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CANDLESTICK

The cheapest light in the World
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Finished Red, Black, Ivory, Yellow
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Box of two "Paracandl"

30/-

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send cash with order 31/6 a pair, to include
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The General Secretary: 10 Knaresborough Place, London, S.W.5

"Christmas Stockings"

By the time you read these words all the huge shining stores of the cities, and the small friendly shops of the villages will be full of Christmas gifts, and decorations, and cards. All the delights of Christmas will be on show for you and your family. But there are many for whom this brave display can have no meaning, for they know little of the inner meaning of Christmas. They are homeless and friendless, old and lonely, young and lost, sick and sorrowful. To them one card, one small gift would bring infinite happiness and perhaps even new hope.

Will you, of your generosity give them this happiness? Perhaps you can send something to all for whom we plead on this page, but if you cannot do this, please pick out one or two whose needs specially touch your heart.

*Merry
Christmas
—with a
hundred
flowers!*



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NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE
PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS
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Please send whatever you can afford to "Christmas Fund",
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The Salvation Army

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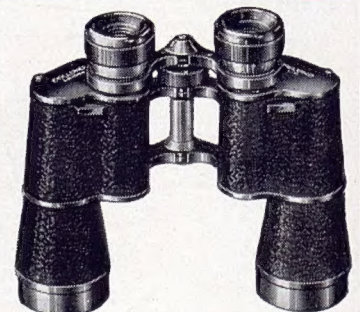
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